

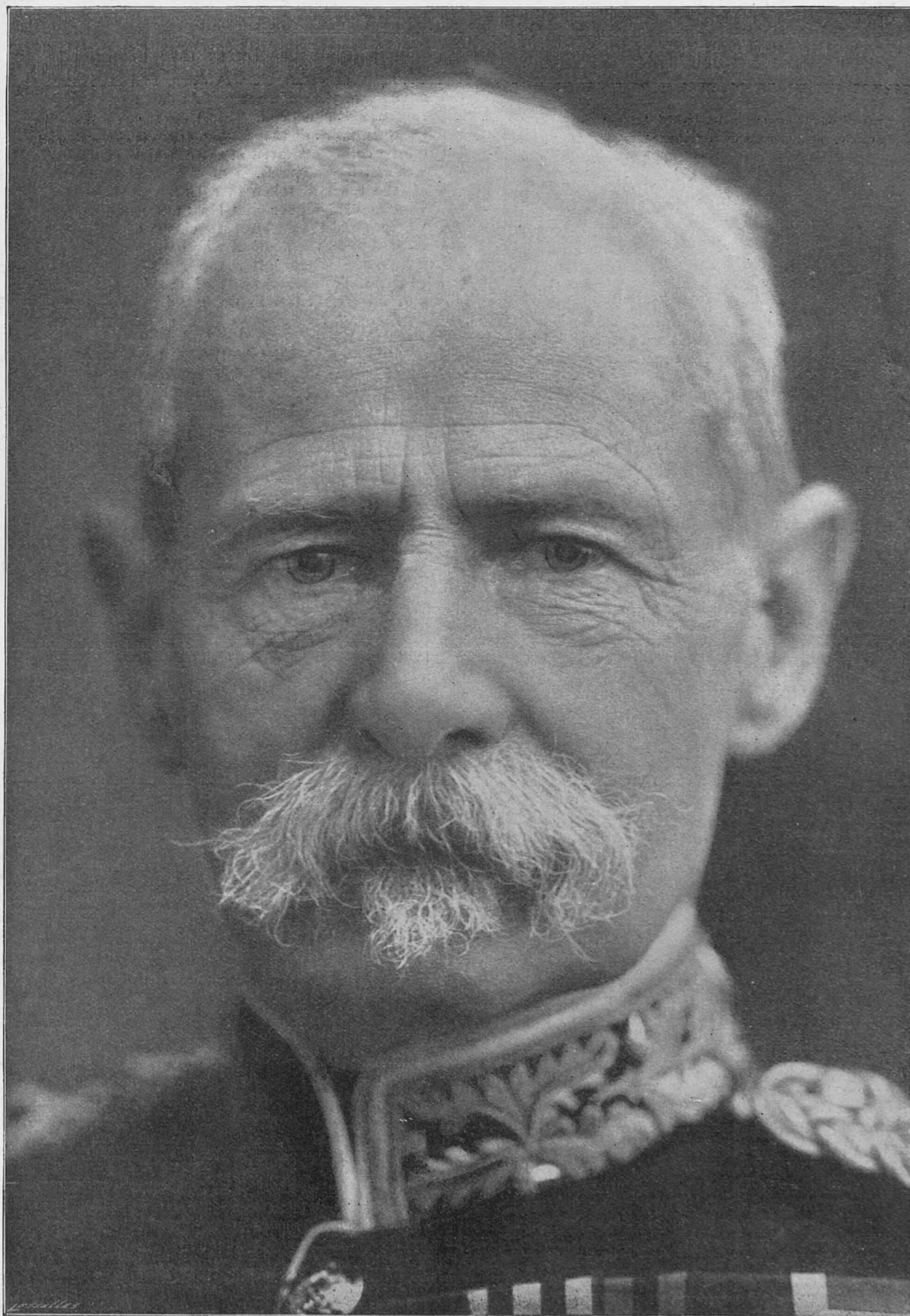
The Sketch



No. 373.—VOL. XXIX.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21, 1900.

SIXPENCE.



[Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.]

LORD ROBERTS OF KANDAHAR, P.C., K.P., V.C., ETC., WHOSE ENTRY INTO BLOEMFONTEIN WAS WELCOMED BY THE TOWNSFOLK.

All ranks are equally enthusiastic in praise and admiration of his magnificent leadership. Never before, perhaps, has a British Commander been so absolutely worshipped by his men as Lord Roberts now is.—REUTER'S WAR-CORRESPONDENT AT BLOEMFONTEIN.

THE CLUBMAN.

The Shamrock—The March of the Guards—Other Great Marches—Major Hunter-Weston—The "Derbies."

OF the three Irish characteristics that the shamrock is supposed to represent, the largest leaf should represent valour. It was not to do honour to the memory of the great missionary, it was not as a compliment to those Irish who stay at home and talk, that all England wore the little three-leaved plant on Saturday last; but it was carried by hundreds of thousands of Englishmen and Englishwomen as a tribute to the bravery of the Irish soldiers in South Africa. There is a tiny four-leaved shamrock, worked by Lady Roberts, upon the silk Union Jack that flies above Bloemfontein, and the little plant on the flag, emblem of love and wit and bravery, will soon be hoisted again, and in a yet more important capital.

When Her Majesty goes next month to Ireland, may she be lucky enough to find a four-leaved shamrock, and may the fourth leaf be typical of loyalty!

The Guards are to have the honour of carrying the silken flag with the shamrock upon it into Pretoria. What the "slight accident" was that prevented Lord Roberts from leading them into Bloemfontein was, we none of us know; but they have an assurance that they are to be first into Pretoria, with the Field-Marshal at their head, and "Bobs" keeps his promises. The "Guardies" deserve the honour that is to be paid them, for they have shown that they can shoot and can march exceptionally well. When looking at the men paraded for inspection at Wellington Barracks, somebody remarked to me that the Reservists looked fat. I told the caviller that I was sure that, if he could see them when they had been a month on the veldt, he would not apply that adjective to them. Fat men do not march thirty-eight miles in twenty-eight hours over such a country of crumbling sand as the Guards had to traverse.

Napoleon, it was said, won his battles by his soldiers' legs; but the British have always marched just as well as the French of the great Emperor when there was a battle ahead of them. Some of the marches made during the Indian Mutiny by our men under a blazing sun were marvellous feats of endurance; but the march of all marches was the one made in the Peninsular War by Craufurd with his famous Light Brigade, consisting of the 43rd, 52nd, and 95th Regiments, in order to reach Talavera, where Sir Arthur Wellesley was engaged. Craufurd had just completed a march of twenty miles, and his troops were huddled near Malpartida de Plasencia, when Spanish fugitives brought a report that the British were engaged heavily. The commander gave his troops only a few hours' rest, and then started again, determined not to halt till the field of battle was reached. The Light Brigade, to quote Napier, "leaving only seventeen stragglers behind, in twenty-six hours crossed the field of battle in a close and compact body, having in that time passed over sixty-two English miles in the hottest season of the year, each man carrying from fifty to sixty pounds' weight upon his shoulders."

Being a Clubman, I was pleased to read that the warmest welcome that Lord Roberts and his troops received on their entry into Bloemfontein came from the pleasant little broad-verandahed Club which is in the main street.

I have the pleasure of knowing well Major Hunter-Weston, who isolated the Bloemfontein Railway Station by blowing up the line, and have watched his career with interest. His aquiline nose, chestnut hair, and brown eyes give him a striking appearance, and he is a man that people look at twice if they meet him in the street. Some years ago, in India, talking with a talented lady as to the principal characteristics of different people, Captain Hunter-Weston's name came up in the conversation. The young Engineer does many things well, and I should have been puzzled to have summed up his character, but the lady did so at once. "Ambition," she said, and went on to prophesy great things for him. It would seem as if the prophetess was right, for from the time that Captain Hunter-Weston first smelt powder in India he has never looked back, and a bold and successful deed such as piercing the enemies' lines and blowing up the railway is a landmark in what is likely to be an exceptionally successful career.

Major Hunter-Weston is—as is also another South African hero, Colonel Baden-Powell—a talented amateur actor, and at Simla played Vane in "Masks and Faces" and the hero of "Sweet Lavender" admirably. There was at that time an idea abroad in India that officers who took part in amateur theatricals were not likely to be of much use in the field. In the cast of "Masks and Faces" were two officers who thoroughly disproved this theory. One was General Yeatman Biggs, who commanded skilfully and died nobly in the Tirah Campaign, and the other was Major Hunter-Weston.

The Derby Regiment, which saved the Waggon Bridge at Bethulie for General Gatacre, are also old friends of mine. The special pride of the regiment is the pet ram, which marches with the Drum-Major, and which is called "Derby." There has been a succession of "Derbies," and the present animal is, I believe, "Derby VIII." An account of the lives and deaths of the various rams, so far as can be gathered, is kept in the regiment. Rajahs and other Eastern potentates have generally been the donors of the animals, and their fate has been varied. One succumbed to the prowess of an Indian fighting-ram, another basely deserted the regiment on the line of march, and so on.

THE WAR—WEEK BY WEEK.

Lord Roberts carrying all before him—Flying the British Flag in Bloemfontein—Flight of "Mr. Steyn, late President"—Mafeking's Gallant Stand—Departure of Sir Frederick Carrington.

IT is just a week since Lord Roberts' stirring message, announcing the successful occupation of the Free State capital by the gallant men serving under him, sent a pardonable thrill of gratification throughout the length and breadth of the Empire. "By the help of God, and by the bravery of Her Majesty's soldiers," he telegraphed, "the troops under my command have taken possession of Bloemfontein. The British Flag now flies over the Presidency, vacated last evening by Mr. Steyn, late President of the Orange Free State."

The point at which this chronicle broke off last week was at the announcement that the advance-guard of the English column had proceeded as far as Aasvogel Kop on its march to Bloemfontein. On the following day—Monday—the Cavalry Divisions (under their dashing leader, General French) pressed boldly forward and seized the railway six miles to the south of the town. In continuing their advance, with the intention of occupying the railway station, they met with such opposition on the part of the enemy that it was deemed advisable to take up position on a couple of hills commanding this place instead.

ENTRY INTO BLOEMFONTEIN.

This, accordingly, was done, and the way thus prepared for the advance of the main army. At dawn on the morning of the 13th inst. this was commenced. Starting from Venterslei—a small town some eighteen miles distant from the capital—Lord Roberts, at the head of a strong column, arrived at the outskirts of the city about noon. Here he was met by a deputation of the inhabitants, who handed over the keys of the town in token of surrender. Without a moment's delay, the veteran campaigner and his Staff made their way to the Presidency, where, amid the enthusiastic cheers of all present, the Union Jack was hoisted upon the flagstaff where, nearly fifty years ago, it had previously fluttered. Then, after the massed bands had played the National Anthem, the government of the town was formally assumed by the military authorities in the name of the Queen.

A GOOD MONTH'S WORK.

By this splendid achievement Lord Roberts completed a memorable chapter—and one undulled by the slightest disaster—in the history of the campaign in the western portion of the theatre of war. Thus, in less than one short month, he has effected the relief of Kimberley, secured the capitulation of General Cronjé and a considerable portion of his army, won two battles on Free State soil, and, finally, occupied the capital. Of a truth, "Bobs Bahadur" has fully justified the confidence reposed in him.

FLIGHT OF "THE LATE PRESIDENT."

To the great regret of the gallant troops who were instrumental in writing this glorious page in the story of the war, Mr. Steyn—"late President of the Orange Free State," as Lord Roberts happily designated him—did not wait to receive them on their entry into Bloemfontein. It appears that when, on the Monday evening, General French seized the railway in the manner described, Lord Roberts sent a message to the burghers to say that, unless the city surrendered at once, it would be bombarded. Thereupon, Mr. Steyn seems to have suddenly remembered a pressing engagement at a distance from the town. At any rate, accompanied by the chief members of the Executive, he hastily left for Winburg, at the same time proclaiming that the Seat of Government had been "transferred" to Kroonstad. There is not much doubt, however, but that before very long he himself will be "transferred" to St. Helena, where, in company with ex-Commandant Cronjé, he can meditate at his leisure on the art of capitulation.

GATACRE, CLEMENTS, AND BRABANT JOIN HANDS.

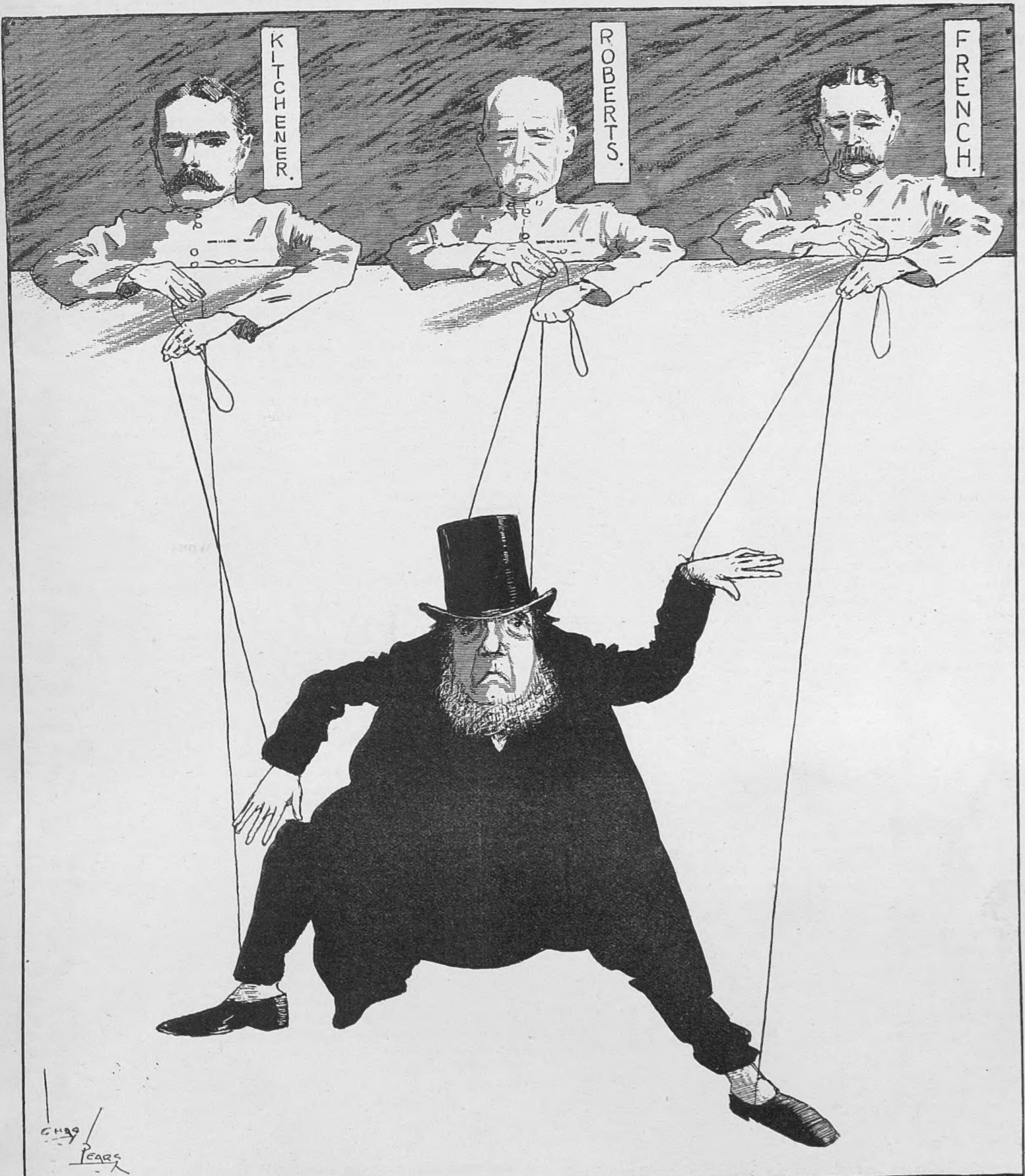
With the object of maintaining railway communication with the south, and also with that of keeping in touch with the British troops already on the Orange River, a portion of the Guards Brigade were sent southwards last Thursday. On the same day, Gatacre successfully occupied Bethulie, and some of his patrols effected a juncture with a portion of Clements' force at Burghersdorp. The third column, that is advancing northwards through Cape Colony, is commanded by Brigadier-General Brabant, and has already seized Aliwal North. From this point a patrol has joined hands with one of Gatacre's from Bethulie. The result is that the three columns are now each in touch with one another.

"B.-P." AT MAFEKING.

It is to be hoped that Mafeking will have been relieved ere these lines are read. Colonel Plumer, operating from the north, succeeded in getting a waggon-load of food into the lines of the hard-pressed garrison. Here, no doubt, its contents formed a welcome change from the diet of "siege-soup" that the plucky defenders have known so long.

TWO INTERESTING DEPARTURES FROM SOUTHAMPTON.

On Saturday last, Lieutenant-General Sir Frederick Carrington, accompanied by his Staff, sailed from Southampton for the Cape to take up the appointment of Commander of the Rhodesian Field Force. Another interesting departure that took place on the same day was that of Lady Roberts, who, accompanied by her two daughters, has gone out to visit the spot where her brave son is buried.



Roberts' Marionettes.

"I'VE GOT HIM ON THE STRING, YOU SEE!"

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

THE QUEEN, as usual, brought Queen's weather with her, and this is another debt we owe to Her Majesty, for February was beyond measure wet. The streets have been quite pleasant to walk in of late, and it has been broken gently to us that Spring begins to-day officially. But London looked quite verdant on Saturday last, "wearing the green" generally in honour of St. Shamrock Day.

We are getting quite used to victories and occupations. Even the entry into Bloemfontein did not cause much excitement. Now that Lord Roberts is at "the front," we expect a victory every three days, and it is hard to remember that a little over a month ago it seemed as if the Boers would never be turned out of Magersfontein and the Tugela trenches. But then "Bobs Bahadur" began to play the game, and the Boer house-of-cards fell to pieces at once. Now, every man is saying to his neighbour, "What of Mafeking?" The "Man in the Street" heartily hopes "B.-P." will have been relieved ere these lines are read.

The turn of affairs has had a curious effect on the daily papers. The other day I asked a newspaper-seller, who has one of the largest street pitches, how business was, and he told me that there was a great falling-off since the relief of Ladysmith. When Buller was ferrying backwards and forwards across the Tugela, we all bought the papers in feverish haste; but since Lord Roberts has taken to hustling the flying Boers across the Orange Free State, we read, "Another Great Victory!" on the placards, and pass on with a comfortable "Good old Bobs!"

The cynical say that there are few things so pleasant as the misfortunes of our friends, but, judging from the experience of the newspapers, we seem to take a pleasure in reading of our own misfortunes as a nation. Other countries, I expect, would have a greater sale for bulletins of victory; but here we take victory almost as a matter of course. And that is one of our little ways that make the foreigners dislike us.

The tobacconists are no better than our tea-merchants. Less than a week after Sir Michael had made his statement, I went into a shop belonging to a very big firm of tobacconists to get a quarter-of-a-pound of my favourite mixture. The tobacco was elaborately packed in a tin, and had obviously never paid the increased duty, but, nevertheless, I was told that it had gone up a penny for a quarter-of-a-pound. The "Man in the Street" has no objection to paying his few pence for the benefit of those who are fighting his battles in South Africa, but he does resent having to pay on stuff that was got out of bond before the War-tax was introduced.

Five pounds for Mr. Kruger, and no takers! But the original is not going so cheap, for this sum was the offer to anyone who would represent the President of the late Transvaal Republic in the procession at Brixton. Not even a pro-Boer could be found to take the job, and so "Oom Paul" was missing from the procession. It was not so very far from Brixton that, in the good old days we do not remember, the transpontine villain demanded an increase of salary because the gallery-boys were so remarkably accurate in their aim. Five pounds is not too great a reward for being a cock-shy for three hours, and I am not surprised that the pro-Boers preferred a less exalted perch.

Flaccid politicians have been carping at the "Man in the Street" for stopping pro-Boer sedition, and have been babbling confusedly about freedom of speech. But here we have no question of politics. The pro-Boers are aiding and abetting the Queen's enemies, and on their heads lies the blood of many a gallant fellow who has died on the veldt. But for them, Kruger would hardly have dared to declare war, in spite of his Creusot guns and German gunners. They have no right to be heard.

Has anyone noticed what a curious ebb-and-flow of humanity there is in the Strand on Sunday evenings? On each side of the street there are two streams of people, walking East and West, silently and seriously. They come out of the City and go as far as Charing Cross, and there they turn round and go back again. The same thing is to be seen in Oxford Street and in some other thoroughfares, but not to the same extent as in the Strand. I have noticed this for years, and, except that the rowdy youths have been subdued by the police, the Sunday-evening promenade is now exactly what it was.

A tremendous change has taken place in Tottenham Court Road. The island of shop which used to block the entrance to that thoroughfare has disappeared, and a fine, wide street is the result. No such slight devastation has made so great a change in London since the days when the island which stood where the Piccadilly archer now kicks up his heels was knocked down. I trust that our *Ædiles* will refrain from erecting an Aasvogel Kop of their own where the house used to stand.

The violets are out at last in the streets, and in magnificent quantities. But, somehow, we have not had the jonquils in such profusion as we have had them the last two or three years. The Scilly Islands and the Riviera have not been up to the mark this spring. I think flowers are more appreciated in London than in the country. It was an old huntsman who remarked, after a blank day, that he didn't see how there could be any scent "along o' them stinkin' vi'lets."

"SKETCH" NOTES FROM PARIS.

Stupidity Run Wild.

I can imagine nothing more eccentric than the final decision of the French Government to send the burned-out Français Company up to the Odéon and take the Odéon troupe down to the boulevards and put them in the Gymnase. The average audience at the Odéon was, in a large measure, always made up of the more serious of the Latin Quarter, while the Comédie relied upon those who had dined *chez* Paillard or Lucas. The foyer at the Français was much more attractive to the average frequenter than the play itself, and, as there is no foyer worth speaking of at the Odéon, and as the place is away from electric-lighted Paris, the whole aspect will be changed. The talk of having the house rebuilt by July 14 is nonsense. It could be done in America or in England, where bricks and mortar are used; but in France, where every building is as solid as a fortress and every stone has to be cut, it is different. One result of the fire will probably be the establishment of a permanent Fire Brigade. The idea of using boys doing their three years' military training to defend Paris against the fire terror is a very questionable economy, as things have shown.

A Generous Revenge.

Sarah Bernhardt, for the annoyances imposed upon her when she left the Comédie-Française years ago—they made her a process which cost her 140,000 francs—could never have dreamed a more triumphant revenge than has been given her to enjoy this March. On the eve of producing Edmond Rostand's new drama, "L'Aiglon," so ardently looked for by the world of letters and of art, she did not hesitate to offer her hospitality to the burned-out Comédie. She would delay "Aiglon," and they might have her theatre for six weeks. "My house," she said, "is yours. I bring you the homage of an artist for her old theatre." If it had been possible to accept this spontaneous offer, if the former *Sociétaire* could have given hospitality to the Government theatre, her former associates could have measured here the prodigious space she has covered since she left them in 1880. To say nothing of the preponderance her personality has finished by taking in Paris, which was hostile to her twenty years ago, her triumphs are recorded all over this house. Dominated by the device "Quand Même," which in itself must speak worlds of significance to the members of the Comédie, all in this theatre witnesses to Bernhardt's career. In the foyer, eight portrait-panels recount her successive triumphs since she left the Théâtre-Français. The seventh panel shows her in "Hamlet," and the eighth is reserved for "Aiglon."

Sarah Bernhardt's Theatre.

This theatre, where Napoleon's son, the unfortunate King of Rome, is being for the first time represented as a stage hero, and which is for the moment the centre of the dramatic world, is arranged after Madame Bernhardt's own ideas, and in much is novel to Paris. The stage, instead of being inclined, is horizontal, because the artist thinks it absurd that the persons at the back should be made to look taller than those in the first plan; and it has no prompter's-box. Also, it is laid in waxed marquetry. The auditorium is furnished in buttercup plush framed in ivory-white, and, to satisfy her taste for hygiene and also for perfumes, Madame Bernhardt has had it entirely washed over with *benjoin*. The foyer, the buffet, and the smoking-room are luxuriously furnished, and there is a pharmacy at the command of persons accidentally indisposed. This theatre, next to the Théâtre-Français, takes in the largest receipts of any theatre in Paris.

"Fall" of Ladysmith.

When two young French authors, Xanrof and Lepelletier, had finished their drama, "A Perpète," for the Paris Ambigu, they had to take it to M. Pierre Decourcelle, an old dramatic hand, to rearrange, as the great scene they had relied upon had been used in a play at the same theatre a few weeks before. As to "Au Transvaal," by MM. Griban and Dupuy, I am afraid that no earthly author can save the situation. The first performance was given at Charleroi, and the feature was the fall of Ladysmith and the khaki-whiskered Boers entering in triumph. Things undoubtedly are difficult in this world, for it was on the very evening of the first production that the news of Dundonald's entry was cabled over. The authors, who were in Paris, telegraphed all the instructions they could afford; but the stage-manager only got more and more confused by this, and the production was somewhat amusing to those who take their pleasures sadly.

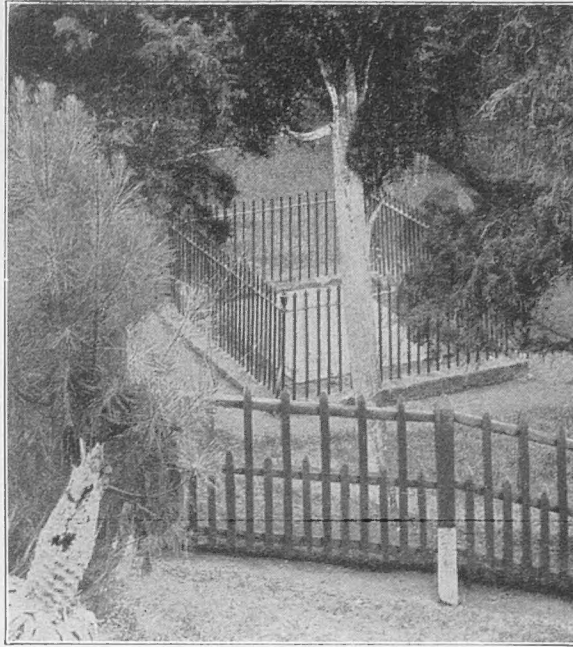
The Resuscitation of the Night-Cap.

Is fashion going to bring the night-cap into general use again? Paris already seems to be inclined to answer the question in the affirmative, and when Paris says "yes" the rest of the world does not usually echo "no." The Parisian night-cap is not the more or less hideous monstrosity which our grandmothers wore, and in which to our youthful eyes they suggested the wolf in "Little Red Riding Hood," but it is a dainty bit of finery of the finest Indian muslin embroidered in silk and trimmed with lace and narrow ribbons. In addition to its daintiness of sight, it adds a daintiness of smell, for it must be perfumed with the special scent to which the wearer is addicted, and in this way it adds a fragrance even to the hair.

The Café de la Paix, where many distinguished men sip their appetisers in the absinthe hour, is to hold its ground, despite the regrettable statement by a Paris correspondent that it would be demolished at the end of the month. The courteous proprietor, as a matter of fact, holds a lease of this famous café in the Place de l'Opéra for a term of fifty years. *Vive la Paix, Paix, Paix!*

ST. HELENA.

ST. HELENA, the historic island where General Cronjé is to make a temporary sojourn, and where, according to the powerful *Punch* cartoon of Mr. Linley Sambourne, he is to exchange greetings with the shade of the great Napoleon, is one of the oldest of our British Colonies. The island has a most interesting history outside its associations with Napoleon, and, in view of this, it is somewhat strange that it has been selected as the prison of a Dutchman. St. Helena was discovered by a Portuguese (one Juan de Nova Castella) on May 21 (St. Helena's Day), 1501, and to other European nations it remained a *terra incognita* till the "spacious times of great Eliza," when Cavendish, on that ever-memorable voyage, visited it on his return home in 1588. It was not, however, till about 1645 that it was colonised, and



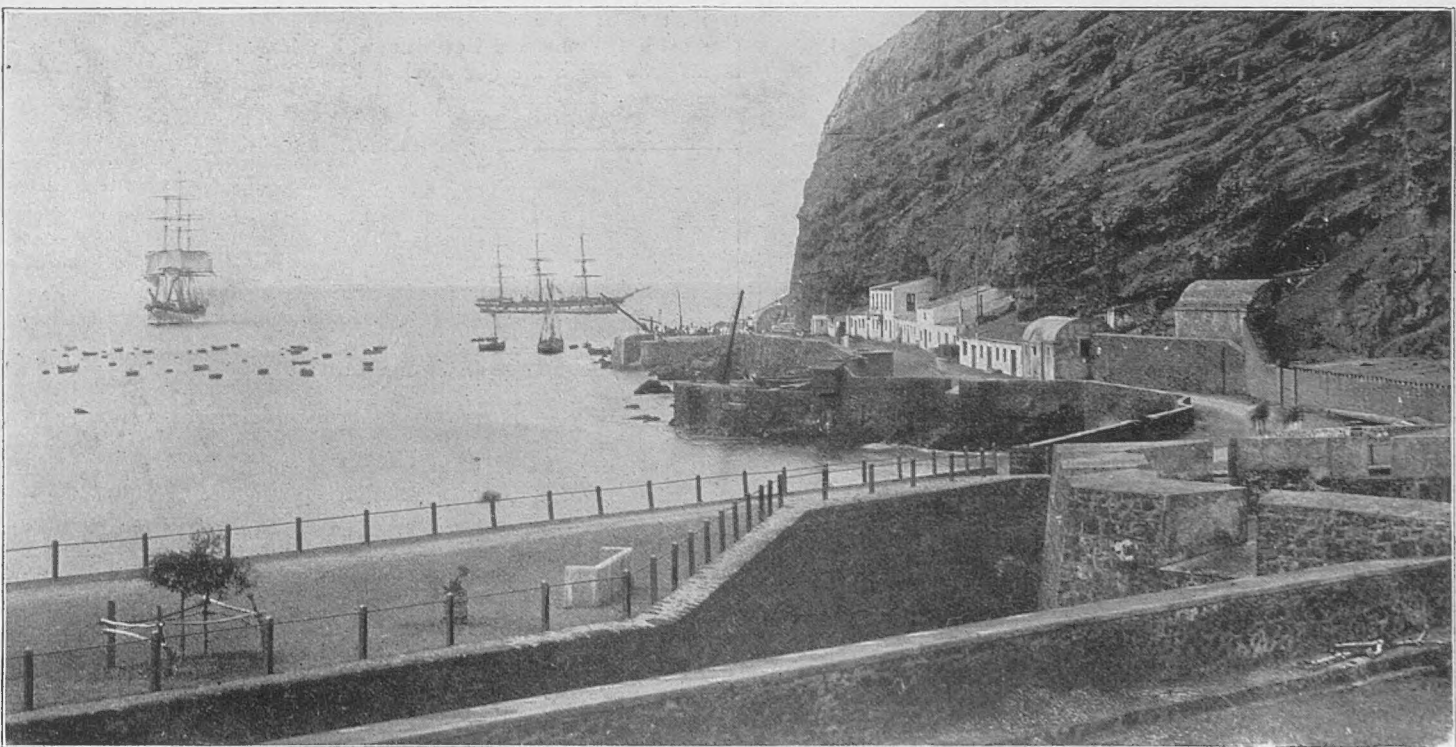
NAPOLEON'S FIRST TOMB IN ST. HELENA.

the colonists were the Dutch. Six years later, our aggressive East India Company seized it, and held it till 1672, when the obstinate Dutchmen succeeded in once more regaining possession, though only for a few months, for in 1673 Captain Minden, of the Royal Navy, once more wrested it from them. From that date till 1834 "John Company" held it under a charter from the second Charles, and in the latter date it was ceded to the Crown. It was in October 1815 that Napoleon was banished to St. Helena, and there he resided, at Longwood, till his death on May 5, 1821. Here he was buried in a spot selected by him in anticipation of his death. The reproduction shows the tomb beneath which his bones remained till subsequently removed by Louis Philippe to Paris. *The Sketch* is indebted to Captain Woodcock, one of the ablest of cable-ship commanders, for the loan of the accompanying photographs.



The windows of the room Napoleon died in.

NAPOLEON'S RESIDENCE, LONGWOOD, ST. HELENA.



THE LANDING-PLACE, ST. HELENA, WHERE GENERAL CRONJÉ IS TO STEP ASHORE.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. L. INNES, JAMESTOWN.

THE LATE GENERAL SIR WILLIAM LOCKHART, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN INDIA.

AT this time of all times deepest regret must be felt at the sad news that the long illness of General Sir William Stephen Alexander Lockhart, G.C.B., K.C.S.I., terminated fatally last Sunday night. It was only in *The Sketch* of last week that, in enumerating our Reserve of Commanders, Sir William Lockhart was referred to as "one of the best of our Generals."

He had fought his way bravely to the high post he occupied at the time of his death. Son of a clergyman, he entered the Indian Army when but seventeen, and rendered notable services in India and in Abyssinia, where he was one of the able officers chosen by the late Lord Napier of Magdala to aid him in the expedition to punish the King. He proved his skill and valour in several of our little wars on the Indian frontiers and in Burmah, and also acted as Assistant Military Secretary for Indian Affairs at the Horse Guards.

Sir William Lockhart was enjoying a well-earned holiday at home when, in 1897, he was ordered to India to command the punitive expedition against the Afridis, which campaign he brought to a successful issue.



THE LATE GENERAL SIR WILLIAM
LOCKHART, G.C.B., K.C.S.I.

Photo by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

"NURSE!" AT THE GLOBE THEATRE.

IT is not very strange that Reginald Fastnett should have enjoyed his illness—chiefly imaginary—with such a nurse to tend him as Miss Lottie Venne. The playgoer can easily "see" its favourite, saucy, pert, and pretty, with cap, ribbons, and apron, "bossing" the whole flat of her patient and ruling him with sweet severity. He can imagine, too, the humours of Mr. Mark Kinghorne as Fastnett's devoted valet with his occupation gone and his nose put out of joint by the 'ussie from St. Benedict's Hospital.

Certainly, Miss Clo Graves for her play, "Nurse!"—produced on Saturday at the Globe—has devised a capital foundation of a farcical character, and on it succeeds in building many a clever, entertaining scene, due mainly to Nurse's jealousy and Fastnett's sudden affection for his pretty neighbour, Mrs. Walker-Wilson, one of those ladies who are very much talked of but never mentioned in polite society. Fastnett is

dreadfully fickle, though his heart is true to Poll, or rather, Nurse, and contrives to get his "garde-malade" out of the way and invite Mrs. Walker-Wilson to a supper, a very lively supper, in his rooms, which, however, she can only reach, owing to Nurse's precautions, by climbing over the roof in pink silk dinner-dress and coming through a skylight.

Nurse returns earlier than she is expected, and makes an entry by the lift. The excitement caused by her return is barely over ere the unexpected visit of Fastnett's rich aunt takes place, and this discloses the fact that Nurse is Dorothy Finch, the girl selected by the aunt for marriage with Fastnett, a marriage originally refused by both the proposed parties, each ignorant of the other's charms. So all ends happily. This, of course, gives little idea of the wealth of incident in the work of Miss Graves; indeed, I have ignored the "writer," a family man with "close on four" children, who is hidden in the refrigerator; and also Nurse's adventure with the "sudden husband" of Mrs. Walker-Wilson and an elephant-rifle. These episodes, and the lively, audacious wit of the dialogue, caused a very great deal of hearty laughter. Who could overpraise the energetic humour of Mr. Sydney Brough and Miss Lottie Venne in the heavy tasks as patient and nurse? Among the clever people who appeared may be mentioned Mr. Mark Kinghorne, Mr. Cheesman, Miss Ethel Clinton, and Miss Britta Griffin.

"Nurse!" was preceded by "A Broken Halo," an ambitious one-act play, by Mr. Thursby, concerning a young painter and a dangerous Italian model who deserts him; the acting of Miss Beverly Sitgreaves as the model was powerful and interesting. By-the-bye, Mr. Lambart's much-discussed attempt to prevent playgoers from entering during the *lever de rideau* was sadly unsuccessful.

THE LATE ISAAC GORDON.

"That," said a sprightly youth who was lunching at Frascati's, "is the Financial Jack-the-Ripper." As he spoke, he nodded in the direction of a sallow-faced, Hebrew-looking gentleman making a light lunch off soup and light claret. "Claret is an unholy liquor well suited to a man who must keep his head cool; that is Isaac Gordon—the Isaac Gordon of whom no man speaks well." This was a little too much. The modern Shylock was at least believed in by his running touts. Turn into several of the Holborn tavern-bars, and some time or the other you will tumble across divers groups of seedy individuals who have neither the pseudo-smartness of the bookie nor the smugness of the solicitor's clerk. "Whenever," one of them will be safe to say, "I brought Gordon any 'biz' that was good enough, he paid down his ten per cent like a man. Of course, he didn't trust us—he never trusted anybody. When his best inquiry-men had been at work, he would often enough follow on their trail. He used to go into the neighbouring pubs, and, over a glass of claret, find out all he could about a possible 'client' (*sic*). Then he would take a turn at the tradesmen. Did he sometimes upset folks by the way he worked things; upset their credit? Yes, he cared little enough about that. His first move was to tell everybody, in the circulars, which came from all corners of the earth, that everything was strictly confidential; his last move was always to threaten with exposure. I think it quite on the cards that he was at the background of hundreds of shops. Beyond the names they put in the *Westminster*, he traded as William Wallis, George James Addison, Robert Dean, B. Edwards, R. Gurnett, and all the rest of it. When he first came before the public, he was with the Universal Bank, and called himself Cochrane. Seven and a-half per cent. for three months on the loan; thirty per cent., yes! Then he scalped you if you renewed. They talk about his nasty voice, and that. It isn't true. He was chirpy enough when he liked. He had the shiniest hat of any man I ever knew, bar Jemmy Stride, the old box-office man." So much for our Shylock!



Photo by Russell and Sons, Windsor.

THE QUEEN INSPECTING THE DETACHMENT OF GRENADIER GUARDS
"GOING SOUTH" AT THE VICTORIA BARRACKS, WINDSOR.

(See "The Sketch" Small Talk.)

HAYMARKET.—SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.
EVERY EVENING at 8.50 (Last Four Nights), preceded at 8 by THE BUGLE-CALL.
LAST TWO MATINEES TO-DAY and SATURDAY NEXT, MARCH 24, at 2.15.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—MR. TREE.
EVERY EVENING at 8, Shakespeare's
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM (with the whole of Mendelssohn's music).
MATINEE TO-DAY and EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.

ST. JAMES'S.—RUPERT OF HENTZAU.—LAST SIX NIGHTS.
EVERY EVENING at 8.30 (doors at 8).
MATINEES TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY) and SATURDAY NEXT at 2.30.
MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER as RUDOLF RASSENDYLL.

THE MAN OF FORTY, by Walter Frith,
Will be produced on WEDNESDAY, the 28th inst.
Box-office (Mr. E. Arnold) 10 to 10. ST. JAMES'S.

LONDON HIPPODROME.
CRANBOURN STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.
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Opinions of the Press.—"This work deserves careful study."—QUEEN. "The only safe and permanent cure of obesity."—WESTERN GAZETTE. "This is the very best book on Corpulency that has ever been written."—LADY.
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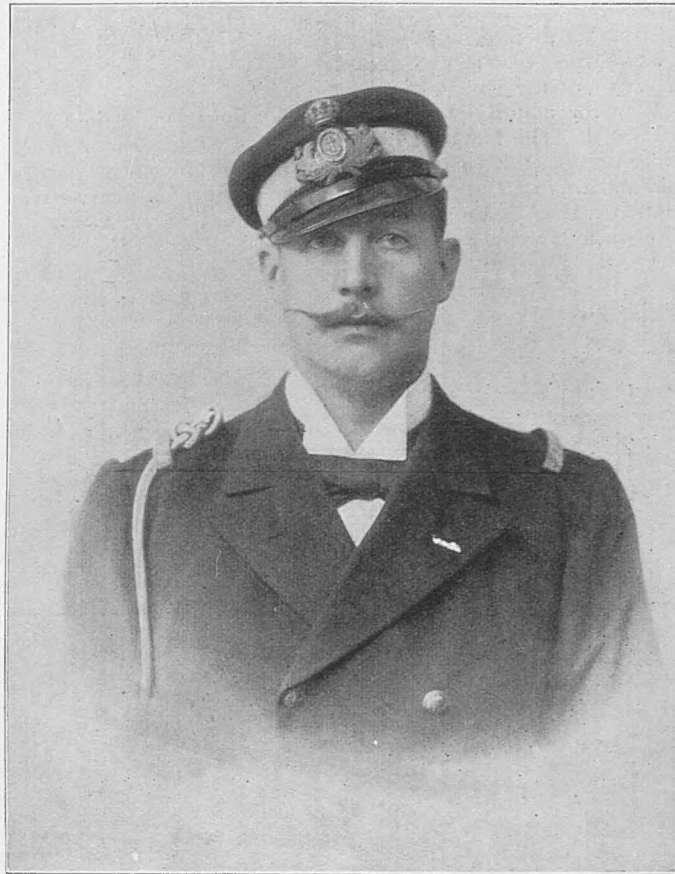
SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The Queen's Visit to Ireland.

Princess Henry of Battenberg will accompany the Queen to Ireland, and it is at present arranged that Princess Christian and Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, will also be of the Royal circle in the City of Dublin. It is most probable that Her Majesty will, before her return to England, honour Belfast with a visit, in which event she will voyage from Kingstown to the capital of "Loyal Ulster" in the *Victoria and Albert*, and may, if fatigued, pass a night on board the royal yacht in Belfast Lough.

The Tact of Our Sovereign.

The fact that the Queen has arranged to take with her to Ireland as her Lord-in-Waiting the Roman Catholic Earl of Denbigh is a fresh proof of Her Majesty's strong desire to make her visit acceptable to every section of the Irish people. Lord Denbigh is, next to the Duke of Norfolk, perhaps the most distinguished member of our old Catholic aristocracy, and it is a happy circumstance that he possesses three old Irish titles in addition to his English ones, namely, the Earldom of Desmond, the Viscounty of Callan, and the Barony of Feilding of Lecaghe. Moreover, Lord Denbigh is no stranger to Ireland, for he served as A.D.C. to Lord Londonderry during his Viceroyalty. The City of London, too, may well feel pride in the Queen's choice of Lord Denbigh, for he represented the City on the London County Council for two years, and, as Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding the Honourable Artillery Company of London, he took a leading part in organising the splendidly equipped contingent which the "H.A.C." recently despatched to the War. In this work Lord Denbigh's own experience of active service in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, when he fought at Tel-el-Kebir, stood him in good stead.



PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE.

Her Majesty's Reception in London.

I have reason to know that the Queen was intensely gratified at the great and spontaneous display of loyalty and affection which was so memorable a feature in her recent visit to London. The physical strain involved in an almost unceasing acknowledgment of the heartfelt greetings of her subjects during her various "Royal Progresses" was doubtless very great, especially when one takes into consideration Her Majesty's great age, yet on her return to Buckingham Palace she did not confess to any feeling of fatigue when a respectful inquiry was made by one of her Ladies-in-Waiting. It was remarked to Her Majesty that this almost unprecedented display of affection must have been very gratifying to her—"almost as gratifying as the ovation of the Diamond Jubilee." "Much more gratifying," was the reply of our venerable Sovereign; "then they came partly to see a splendid pageant, but now they have come entirely to see poor me."

Queen Elizabeth Eclipsed.

In the popular imagination there is probably no historic picture more inspiring than that of Queen Elizabeth reviewing the troops told off for the defence of England at the time of the Spanish Armada. But that Elizabethan souvenir is quite put in the shade now. Our well-loved and venerable Sovereign, Queen Victoria, at the great age of over eighty years, has been indefatigable in inspecting her Guards, and in bidding them heartily God-speed prior to their departure for South Africa, where, by the way, the Guards Brigade has done magnificent service during Lord Roberts' victorious advance to Bloemfontein. The 3rd Battalion of the Grenadier Guards is to be reinforced by a hundred men, and these were on the 14th inst. honoured with a

Prince Nicholas.

Princess Marie.

Duchess of Sparta.

Duke of Sparta.

Prince André.

Prince Christopher.



King George. Queen Olga. Prince George of Sparta. Prince George of Greece.
Prince Alexander of Sparta. Princess Helena of Sparta.

THE GREEK ROYAL FAMILY.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOEHRINGER, ATHENS.

visit from Her Majesty, who cheered them on their way with these gracious words: "You are going on a long voyage to a distant part of my Empire to emulate the deeds of your brave comrades. I feel sure that I can look to you with confidence to maintain the honour of the gallant regiment to which you belong."

A Question of Royal Precedent. In addition to the Queen's personal reluctance to leaving the country for the Continent, it may be stated, on high authority, that there is no precedent for the Sovereign leaving the United Kingdom during time of war, except to take the field or as the guest of an ally, as was the case when Her Majesty and Prince Albert visited the Emperor and Empress of the French before the Crimean Campaign was finished. This fact contributed not a little to strengthen the Queen's resolution not to proceed to Bordighera, where, by the way, the inhabitants are in great grief at the change in the Royal plans. It may be mentioned that the non-fulfilment of Her Majesty's proposed journey will cost her privy purse several thousands of pounds. It is possible, however, that some other members of the Royal Family may visit Bordighera during the spring. This would be some consolation to the inhabitants, who have been looking forward to a rich "English harvest."

The Drawing-Rooms. Two Drawing-Rooms took place last week at Buckingham Palace by command of the Queen, the first on Tuesday, the second on Thursday. They were both held by the Princess of Wales on behalf of Her Majesty. The Princess is the most popular member of the Royal Family, next to the Queen, to hold a Drawing-Room, and the numbers of ladies wishing

pearls and gold; the Lady Mayoress being also in white satin with a train of white brocade. Viscountess Cross wore a dress of lace embroidered in velvet outlined with jet; her two daughters, the Honourables Mary and Margaret Cross, accompanied their mother.

The Prince and Princess of Wales's Surprise Visit to Lipton's Dining-Hall. Sandwiched between the two Drawing-Rooms of last week was one of those considerate acts which have endeared the Prince and Princess of Wales to the People. This was an unexpected visit on the part of their Royal Highnesses, at lunch-time on Wednesday last, to the Alexandra Trust Restaurant for the Poor, in the City Road, of which views are given in the present Number of *The Sketch*. They ordered and relished a three-course dinner at fourpence-halfpenny each, the steak-pudding being also tasted and pronounced savoury—though not quite up to the appetising standard, I warrant, of Mr. Moore's classic pudding at the Cheshire Cheese, where a good old-fashioned bowl of punch may be still enjoyed. But this by the way. Over an hour was spent by the Prince and Princess in inspecting Sir Thomas Lipton's first dining-hall, and they never met with a heartier greeting than they did from their humble fellow-diners. I regretted to hear from a friend who looked in at the Royalty to see "Magda," in the evening, that our genial Prince was suffering from a very bad cough.

A Delightful Royal Family. Considering the great intimacy as well as the close family relationship existing between the Prince and Princess of Wales and their children and the Greek Royal Family, it is strange that the latter are not better-known to the British people. King George, who is the favourite brother of the



THE CITY IMPERIAL VOLUNTEERS PASSING THROUGH BREE STREET, CAPE TOWN, ON THEIR WAY TO "THE FRONT."

to attend one of the Princess's functions are generally far in excess of the limit very wisely made by the Lord Chamberlain's department. However, this year, when, unfortunately, so many of our leading families are plunged into mourning, the attendance was comparatively small, and the dresses, for the most part, were either composed of white, black, mauve, or other subdued colours. Jewelled embroidery was greatly used in the trimmings—in fact, some of the most striking gowns were showered all over with sparkling sequins, giving a very pretty effect. Quantities of roses, orchids, and lilies-of-the-valley, with a good sprinkling of the graceful and simple daffodil, were used in the bouquets carried by the ladies, and also in the large buttonholes which adorned the coats of the coachmen and footmen. There was, despite the cold weather, a large gathering of sightseers on both occasions in the Mall, and the Prince and Princess of Wales met with a most hearty welcome as they drove from Marlborough House to the Palace.

Some of the Dresses. The Princess of Wales wore black satin covered with sequins, with long train to correspond. She wore a magnificent diamond tiara and several Orders. The Duchess of Buccleuch (Mistress of the Robes) was in black satin trimmed with lace, and a Court-train of brocade; the Duchess of Devonshire in black tulle, worked with jet, and a long train of satin. The Marchioness of Tweeddale came in a lovely Empire gown of shaded mauve satin. The Countess of Gosford wore white crêpe-de-Chine, with a full Court-train of pale-blue and white brocaded satin; she presented her two daughters, the Ladies Alexandra and Mary Acheson, both dressed alike in white point d'esprit over white satin. The Countess of Morley's gown was of black satin embroidered in jet. Lady Burton's dress was of pale-grey satin with a train of black-striped satin. Lady Jeune wore a lovely gown of white satin embroidered with

Princess of Wales, is considered on the Continent not only one of the cleverest, but, on the whole, the best-looking of reigning Sovereigns. Like his lovely eldest sister, he possesses the rare combination of fair hair and deep-blue eyes, and at the time of his marriage to the Grand Duchess Olga of Russia they were said to be not only the handsomest couple in the Royal caste, but the finest-looking man and the most lovely woman in their own kingdom of Greece. Few Princes have had a more romantic and, with one exception, a more successful career than that of the King of Greece. Prince George of Denmark was the second son of his parents, and when he was offered the Greek Crown he was a boy of seventeen. He actually began to reign a couple of months before celebrating his eighteenth birthday, and his marriage took place almost to a day four years later, his lovely bride being several years younger than himself, only just sixteen.

A Popular King and Queen. Both the King and Queen had anything but an easy task before them; but the Greek people—independent, and, indeed, even republican in sentiment as they are known to be—soon became warmly attached to their youthful Sovereigns, and Queen Olga for upwards of thirty years has held undisputed sway over the hearts of her husband's people. That this is so is, of course, owing in a great measure to her rare womanly qualities. Even as a bride she set aside a considerable portion of her large fortune for the foundation of various forms of good works, and the hospital to which she gave the beautiful name of "Evangelismos" was not only the first building of the kind opened in Greece, but is even now one of the best-managed hospitals in the world, doing an incalculable amount of good both to the poorer population of Athens and also to sailors of all nationalities whose good-fortune causes them to fall ill while in the Bay of Piræus.

*Seven Princes
and Princesses.*

In due course, the King and Queen became the parents of seven children—five sons and two daughters; and the one shadow over their ideal married life has been the loss of the elder Princess, the namesake and god-daughter of the Princess of Wales, who died within three years of her marriage to one of the Russian Grand Dukes. Of the five Princes, the future King of Greece—who enjoys the splendid title of Duke of Sparta—was married very shortly after the death of the late Emperor Frederick to Princess Sophie of Prussia, one of Queen Victoria's most charming and accomplished granddaughters, who showed, during the Turkish-Greek War, not a little of her mother's remarkable intellectual power, for she organised all the arrangements made for the nursing of the wounded, a task in which she was greatly helped by a devoted band of English nurses whom she early asked to come to her assistance. The Duke and Duchess of Sparta, who inhabit a charming country palace near Athens, have three children—two little sons and a daughter. In connection with this fact, it is curious to note that, according to an old Greek prophecy, when a George is born to Royal parents rejoicing in the names of Constantine and Sophia he will become the conqueror of the Turks and set up once more the Greek Orthodox religion in Constantinople.

*The Governor of
Crete.*

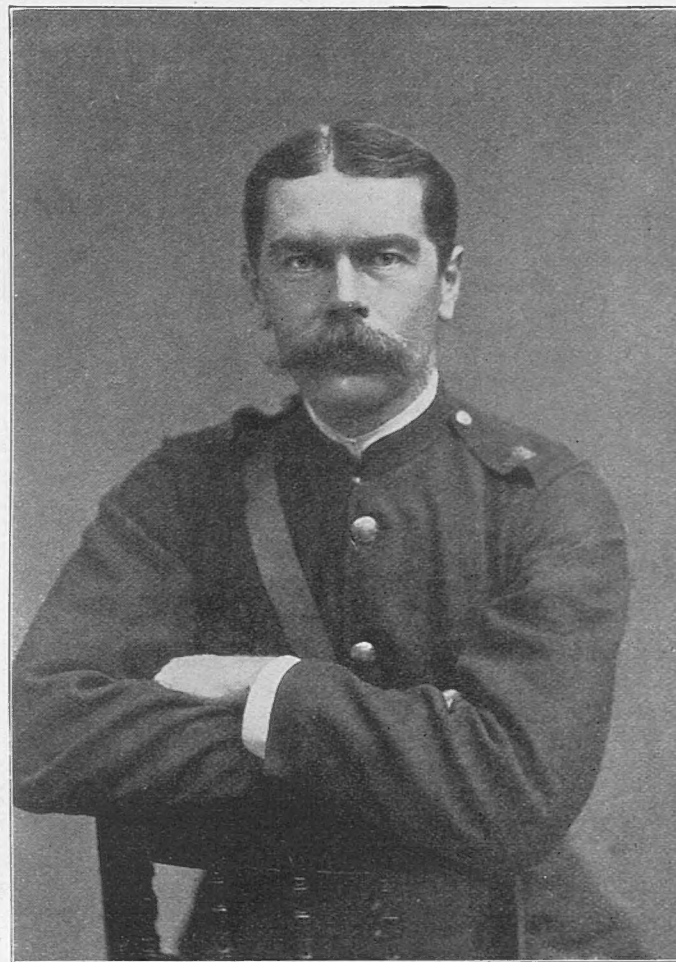
Of late, Prince George, the King and Queen's second son, has played a certain part on the European stage, for to him has been confided the pacification of Crete. He is a splendid-looking young man, just thirty-one years of age, and full of energy and vitality. He is the intimate friend—as well, of course, as a first-cousin—of the Emperor of Russia, and he accompanied the latter during his tour in the East; indeed, it was Prince George who saved the future Czar from being assassinated by a Japanese fanatic. He is possessed of enormous strength, and successfully ward off the blow intended for the then Czarewitch.

*Kitchener's Soft
Answer.*

From the day that he first joined the Service—as a Second-Lieutenant of "Sappers"—down to the present moment, it has been invariably recognised that one would have to get up very early in the morning in order to in any way get the better of Lord Kitchener. With him, indeed, it would almost seem that difficulties exist only to be promptly overcome. In connection with this proverbial smartness of his for getting out of an awkward situation, a perfect host of anecdotes naturally exists. Unfortunately, however, the majority of these are neither new nor true, and thus are not admissible for publication in these columns.

Here, however, is one that—so a correspondent positively assures me—fulfils both these desirable qualifications. A short time before he

proceeded to South Africa on his present mission, the Sirdar—as he then, of course, was—commenced a tour of inspection of native regiments in Lower Egypt. Now, one of these corps had been somewhat neglected by the officials at Cairo, and, as a result, despite their Colonel's most frantic appeals, they had not—at the time of Lord Kitchener's visit—received the issue of clothing properly due to them. Their Commanding



MAJOR-GENERAL LORD KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM, G.C.B., K.C.M.G.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

Officer, however, being a man of resource, determined to turn the seeming misfortune to account by giving the Sirdar a practical demonstration of the undeserved neglect in which his battalion languished. Accordingly, on the day of the inspection, the troops marched past with their uniforms in such a lamentable condition of repair that a young ladies' school could not with propriety have witnessed the parade. To put it as gently as possible—for the benefit of my lady readers—the men's inexpressibles were in tatters. Lord Kitchener, however, had a shrewd idea that the Colonel was trying to make his case appear stronger than it really was. Accordingly, when that officer pointed, with a gesture of eloquent despair, to his regiment of ragged blacks, the Sirdar completely nonplussed him by promptly exclaiming, "Splendid corps, Colonel! Men in the very pink of condition! Why, they're so fat that they're positively bursting through their clothes!"

*The late
Lieutenant-Colonel
Thackeray.*

Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Martin Gerard Thackeray, late of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, who, with so many gallant members of his regiment, was killed in the recent operations that led to the relief of Ladysmith, had completed twenty-two years' service. During this period he belonged to three different regiments. The first of these was the old 16th Foot (now known as the Bedfordshire Regiment), which he joined, as "ensign," in 1868. Eight years later, however, he exchanged into the West India Regiment, and, accordingly, bade a temporary farewell to the United Kingdom. While serving with his new corps in West Africa, he once held the appointment of Fort Adjutant at Sierra Leone for several months. On relinquishing this, in the early part of 1881, however, he was transferred to his late regiment, the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, and was appointed to the command of its 1st Battalion on Feb. 1, 1897.

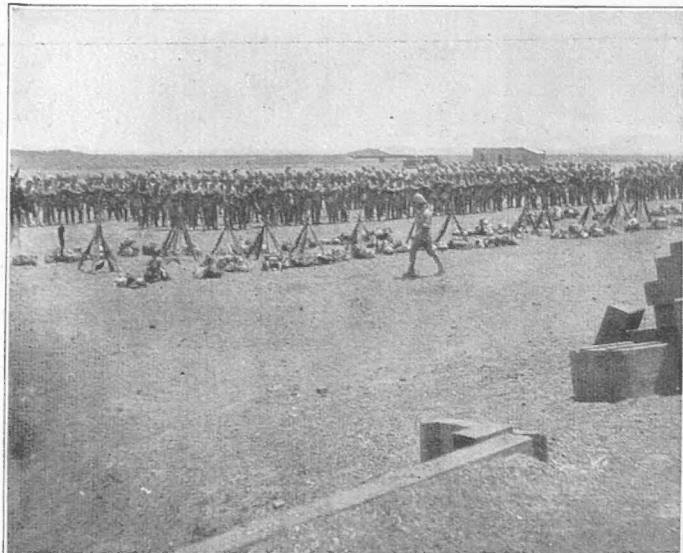
Accompanying it to Natal, a few weeks ago, he almost immediately had an opportunity of leading it into action. On that, as on every subsequent occasion on which they met the enemy, the Inniskilling lads displayed the most conspicuous gallantry conceivable. Himself a man of the most intrepid courage, poor Thackeray naturally inspired this quality in all who served under him. Indeed, it is said of him that he used to have considerable trouble at times in inducing his men to leave the field when the "cease fire" had sounded. His own death, sword in hand, at the head of his battalion on the field of battle, was that of a brave soldier and a true servant of his Queen.

LIEUT.-COLONEL THACKERAY, 1ST BATTALION INNISKILLING FUSILIERS,
KILLED IN THE LADYSMITH RELIEF OPERATIONS.

Photo by Symonds and Co., Portsmouth.

"The Best since Moses."

In General Sir George White's generous tribute to those officers who served under him during the siege of Ladysmith, it is pleasing to note that those officers of Departmental Corps so indispensable to the welfare of an army in the field are not forgotten. Thus Colonel E. W. D. Ward, C.B., of the Army Service Corps, is described by Sir George as "the best



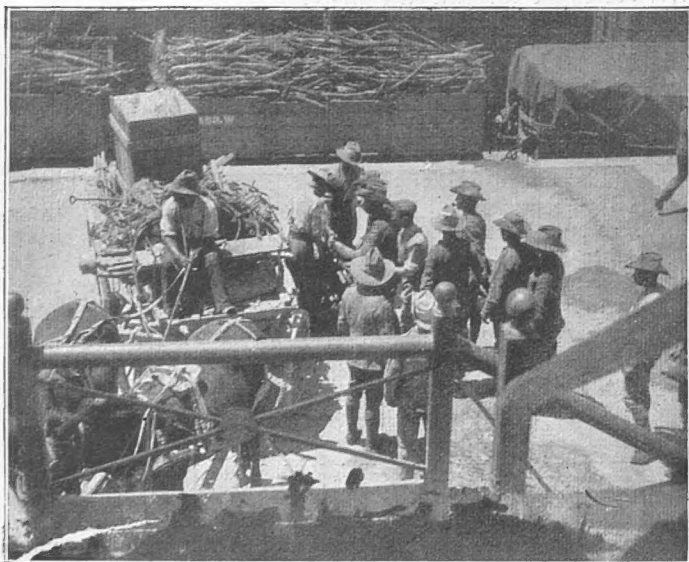
HALF-BATTALION OF 2ND WARWICKS DRAWN UP BEFORE ENTRAINING AT DE AAR, FEB. 11, FOR ADVANCE INTO ORANGE FREE STATE.

They had been at De Aar two months.

supply officer any army had since Moses." Colonel Ward has seen a good deal of active service, for he served in the Soudan in 1885, and in the Ashanti Expedition ten years later, in each case being "mentioned," and he was at one time a "D.A.A.G." at the Horse Guards. He is probably best-known to Londoners as the Honorary Secretary of the Islington Tournaments, a position he occupied for some years. Another officer mentioned by Sir George is Veterinary Lieutenant-Colonel Iles Matthews, who has been on duty in South Africa for the last two or three years, and who had previously served with distinction in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, being promoted besides receiving the medal and star.

An Important Coming-of-Age.

It is a curious fact, but none the less true, that, had the late Duke of Westminster lived a few weeks longer, the birthday of the present Duke would have been celebrated in a very different fashion to what was the case early this week, when, of course, no public rejoicings could take place in the absence of the young Duke himself. It very rarely happens—in fact, it would be difficult to find a parallel case since the Crimean War—that a great English nobleman, or even the heir of such a one, celebrates his coming-of-age out of his native country, and, though the Duke accomplished all the business that was possible during his very short stay at home, there are, of course, innumerable documents to which his signature will have been valid only since last Monday (19th). Meanwhile, there is plenty of work to fill up the time of the fortunate lawyers who have charge of the resettlement of the great Westminster estates in Cheshire, Flintshire, and London. It is believed that, thanks to Sir William Harcourt, the young Duke will find himself the poorer by nearly a million and a-half. On the other hand, if he lives to be an



FATIGUE-PARTY OF "C.I.V." (MOUNTED INFANTRY SECTION) TAKING MULE-HARNESS ON TO THEIR TRAIN AT DE AAR FOR "THE FRONT."

In rear are waggons filled with fuel for Modder River, taken from railway bridge.

elderly man, the falling-in of ground-rents on his town property will make him indisputably the wealthiest non-Royal personage in the whole civilised world.

Congratulations to Sir Alfred Milner.

Apropos of the Duke of Westminster's twenty-first birthday, it is curious that his guide, philosopher, and friend, namely, Sir Alfred Milner, should be celebrating his natal day within a week of that of his A.D.C. He will next Saturday (25th) be three years older than he was when the following witty lines, supposed to have been sent from President Kruger to Mr. Montagu White, were circulated in Society—

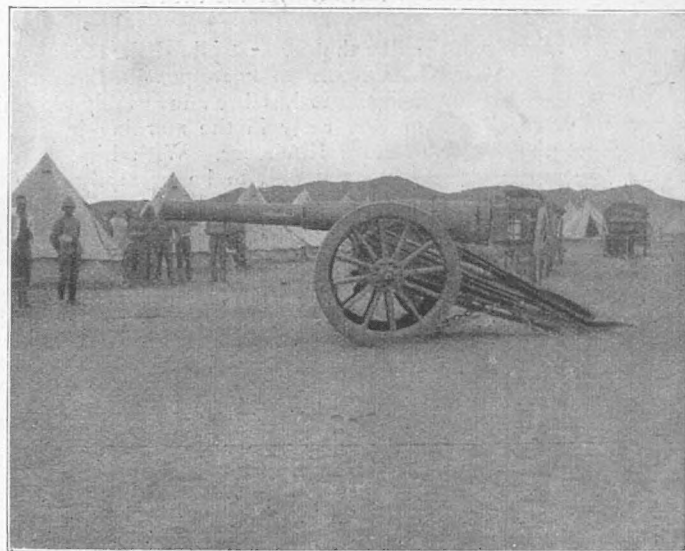
Who's this Milner? What is he,
That all the folk commend him?
Praised on every hand is he,
The Heavens such grace do lend him;
Most popular he seems to be.

If he tries to bully me,
I will keep him busy;
Just a chit of forty-three!
Who the dickens is he?
Ta-ta, Monty; *We shall see!*

And the poor President *has* seen, to his cost, of what stuff Sir Alfred is made.

"Pall Mall" Experiences.

Sir Alfred is—or, perhaps one should say, was, for late events cannot but have had their effect on so sensitive and thoughtful a nature—a remarkably young-looking man; indeed, few people would have credited him at the time he succeeded Lord Rosmead at the Cape with being more than five-and-thirty. Probably no man has ever been more praised by his contemporaries, and has been less affected by that praise. Dean Church is credited with having said that he regarded Alfred Milner as the finest



5-INCH BREECH-LOADING GUN AT DE AAR.

Two of these guns were hastily sent to Hanover Road on Feb. 18. Two thousand Boers were supposed to be there.

flower of human culture reared at Oxford in this generation. How great were his powers of conciliation may be gauged by the fact that his first real work in life was that of being, in turn, assistant-editor on the *Pall Mall* to Mr. John Morley and to Mr. W. T. Stead.

The Colonel of "The Excellers."

One of the good old stamp of regimental officers was Lieutenant-Colonel W. McCarthy O'Leary, of the 1st South Lancashire Regiment, otherwise the "Prince of Wales's Volunteers," who was killed at Nelthorpe, in his fifty-first year. He joined the regiment as long ago as 1863, and had served through all the commissioned grades till he became Lieutenant-Colonel some four years ago. He was a man of superb physique—indeed, one of the finest men in the British Army—and, though the present Boer War was his first experience of actual fighting, he was an excellent officer and much beloved by all ranks of the old 40th. As his name implies, he was a member of the gallant sister nation, being, in fact, a J.P. of County Cork. Colonel O'Leary leaves a widow and large family to lament his loss.

It seems that some of the hot-blooded Cambridge boys have been paying rather dearly for their celebration of the relief of Ladysmith. The Cambridge Correspondent of the *Isis*, the well-known Oxford undergraduate journal, relieves his feelings on the subject in this way—

You must know that, on Thursday week, there was a creditable bonfire in the Market-place, and the following morning divers undergraduates discovered that there was a Mayor in Cambridge. Personally, I think that to charge two pounds for turning out a gas-lamp, or five for letting off a Roman candle, is exorbitant. The Mayor, however, did more than this. All those unfortunates who had been apprehended with stray band-stands in their possession were fined for "stealing." We now learn with horror that stealing is a felony. Consequently all the unlucky culprits are, for the rest of their lives, excluded from Church, Bar, Army, and Navy, and the occupation of licensed houses. "What shall we do with our 'victims'?" asks the *Cambridge Daily*. We will address a petition to Her Majesty for a pardon; and the Mayor shall sign it. It is, I think, an injudicious Mayor.

*To Nurse in the
Yeomanry
Hospital?*

Lord and Lady Chesham's pretty young daughter, Miss Lilah Constance Cavendish, is said to be the latest addition to the band of well-known people who are going to South Africa in the hope that they may be allowed to participate in the nursing of the wounded. She will, of course, be with her mother, and both ladies have taken so active a part in promoting the admirably managed Yeomanry Hospital that it



THE HON. MISS CAVENDISH, DAUGHTER OF LORD CHESHAM,
GOING TO JOIN HER FATHER IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

is easy to understand how anxious they are to see the result of their efforts in actual working. Miss Cavendish was a favourite granddaughter of the late Duke of Westminster. Many consider her very like her beautiful aunt, Lady Ormonde. Some years ago she had the terrible grief of losing her little sister from a riding accident, and she has always been very thoughtful for her age.

*French Custodian
of Napoleon's
St. Helena Home
and Tomb.*

An erroneous impression prevails among some people that Cronjé will be domiciled in Napoleon's place of exile on his arrival in St. Helena, the Atlantic Island of which I give some pictures on another page of *The Sketch*. As a matter of fact, the modest house Napoleon inhabited, and the grave in which he was buried prior to the transference of his remains to the palatial tomb at the Invalides, in Paris, are the property of the French Government, and their custodian is a hale and hearty Frenchman, M. Morilleau, who has lived at St. Helena for forty years, and is so attached to the island and to the quiet home-joys of his family of pretty daughters, that he has, so far, resisted the blandishments of the Paris Exhibition Commissioners, and not accepted their invitation to the great Exposition on the banks of the Seine. From those bright and breezy Cable Neptunes, Captain Paterson, Captain Cato, and Captain Woodcock, I have most complimentary accounts of M. Morilleau.

Lady Freemasons?

The Ladies' Banquet of the Telegraph Cable Lodge, at the Hôtel Cecil, on March 14, may be fraught with important consequences. W. M. George C. Jack (who may be congratulated on his felicitous toast of "The Queen") confessed that he saw no reason why the fair sex should not grace Masonic Lodges, and, in calling upon W. Bro. T. A. Bullock to reply to "The Ladies," gave that eloquent bachelor an opening of which he humorously availed himself to express emphatic agreement on this point with the chairman. *The Sketch* Mason also cordially agrees with W. M. Jack: the welcome innovation might prevent many domestic misunderstandings. Be that as it may, the Telegraph Cable Lodge (which of itself solves the problem of Imperial Federation, as it has loyal members in all parts of the world) richly merited the thanks of the ladies on this occasion. The excellent concert that followed in the Victoria Hall of the Cecil, admirably organised by W. Bro. Arthur Briscoe, was notable for the sweet singing of Miss Jessie Hotine and Miss Ethel Bevans, the dulcet violin-solos of Master Albert Cazaubon, and the wonderfully powerful Napoleon recitation of Bro. W. R. Cato (S.W.), bronzed from his recent Atlantic cable-laying trip. None were warmer in their praise of the Telegraph Cable Lodge's entertainment than the Marquis and Marchioness of Tweeddale and their lovely daughter (Lady Clementina Hay), Sir James and Lady Sivewright. And didn't we cheer the glad news of

Lord Roberts' entry into Bloemfontein, and respond right heartily to W. Bro. McLeod's lusty shout of "One cheer more for 'Bobs'!"

*Old Warriors
Respond to the
Queen's Call.*

The response to Her Majesty's call for old soldiers on the part of many veterans throughout the country evinces a loyalty that must greatly cheer the Queen's heart. Not a few of these applicants have been necessarily rejected on the ground of too-advanced age. In one large centre of population, among the volunteers who offered to rejoin the ranks were a bugler who was present at the Duke of Wellington's funeral, two survivors of the "thin red line" on the heights of Alma, and one who had fought in the first Ashantee War in 1868. And all, it is said, were eager to get to "the front"!

*The Composer of
"Annie Laurie."*

The death of Lady John Scott Spottiswood, of Spottiswood, in the Border country, removes another of the now few remaining *grandes dames* of the olden time. Born in 1809, and married, in 1835, to Lord John Douglas Montague Scott (a brother of the late Duke of Buccleuch), Lady Scott succeeded to her brother's property in 1870, and resumed the family surname of Spottiswood. Lady John was an accomplished musician, and a proficient player on several instruments. Many years ago, she issued, through Mr. Lonsdale, of Bond Street, a volume of popular songs with music, and to her we owe the modern version of "Annie Laurie," the popular air of which she was also the composer. The poor and infirm in the parish of Westruther have lost a real benefactor by the death of Lady John, who was wont to say of her charities, "My father was kind to the poor, and why should not I?" Of pronounced antiquarian tastes, Lady Scott Spottiswood secured every important find in the district, and during her long life gathered a large collection of objects of archaeological interest. She permitted no interference on her estate with any feature that served to keep alive the memory of the past, and old place-names were strictly adhered to. Instead of placing the direction, "Shut the gate," on gates she wished kept closed in her demesne, the request appeared in the vernacular, "Steek the yett." She had no box-seat on her carriage, her coachman having to ride as postillion, and her clinging to bygone customs was manifested in every relation of life.

Mrs. Helen Trust. Mrs. Helen Trust is deservedly regarded as one of the most charming of our English vocalists. The great beauty of her sympathetic voice, the exquisite art with which it is controlled, and her perfect intonation, expression, and style, combine to make Mrs. Trust the equal of any living vocalist in classical music or in



MRS. HELEN TRUST, THE FAMOUS SINGER.

Photo by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.

the simple and attractive ballads of our native composers. Whenever "music married to immortal verse" is heard in our concert-rooms, we feel it can have no better interpreter than Mrs. Helen Trust, whose delightful singing is enhanced by the refinement and elegance of her appearance.

A Possible Prime Minister.

Nothing succeeds like success, and nowhere does it succeed more than in the House of Commons. A year or two ago the Parliamentary favourite of fortune was Mr. Curzon, now an Irish peer and Viceroy of India. Everybody said that some day he would be Prime Minister. That is what many members now predict with regard to Mr. George Wyndham. His success has sprung upon him suddenly. Until the present Session he was regarded as an elegant young man with many accomplishments, but few anticipated that he would make so conspicuous a mark as he has made during the last few weeks. The War gave him an opportunity such as falls to few Under-Secretaries, and Mr. Wyndham has turned it to splendid account. His defence of the Pall Mall Department in the opening debate proved him to be an orator as well as a master of administrative detail. The House was fascinated by his manner and by his ability, and the speeches he delivered last week on the War Estimates were received with unabated delight. For the moment he is the most conspicuous Minister outside the Cabinet, and he is more conspicuous, indeed, than some of the statesmen within that circle.

The new Bishop of Liverpool.

The appointment of the Rev. F. J. Chavasse, M.A., principal of Wycliffe Hall, Oxford, to the bishopric of Liverpool has been accepted with general satisfaction throughout the Evangelical party of the Church of England. If Liverpool is to have an Evangelical Bishop, it is not surprising that he should emanate from one of the places where Evangelicalism is systematically taught. Since Mr. Chavasse has been in control of Wycliffe Hall, he has been a most painstaking and successful teacher, taking a keen interest in the Oxford Pastorate, an organisation for the spread of Evangelical principles among undergraduates, and holding an open Greek Testament Class on Sunday evenings, which formed a permanent feature in the University lives of many young men at Oxford.

His Career.

Touching his career, the Bishop-Designate graduated from Corpus, Oxford, where he took a First Class in Law and Modern History in 1869. He was ordained in 1870 to the Curacy of St. Paul's, Preston. In 1873 he was appointed by the trustees to the Vicarage of St. Paul's, Upper Holloway, and in 1878 he returned to Oxford as Rector of St. Peter-le-Bailey. He has been Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Exeter since 1885, and in 1898 he was selected to give the annual course of lectures on Pastoral Theology at Cambridge. He was Select Preacher at Oxford 1888-9 and at Cambridge 1893. The good wishes and earnest prayers of a wide circle of affectionate friends will follow him to Liverpool, as he takes up the work so lately laid down by Bishop Ryle.

A New Dukedom?

Some of Lord Cadogan's many friends anticipate that the Queen will commemorate her visit to Ireland by creating the Viceroy a Duke. Undoubtedly this would be a very significant honour, for Her Majesty has created extremely few Dukedoms during her reign, with the exception of those conferred, according to precedent, on Royal Princes. Indeed, it is a remarkable fact that in 1850, when the Queen decided to confer a title on the Prince of Wales which should be commemorative of her visit to Ireland in the previous year, she created him Earl, and not Duke, of Dublin. However, the first non-Royal Dukedom created in her reign was an Irish one, that of Abercorn, in 1868, and since then the only really new creations in that rank have been the Dukedoms of Westminster and Fife, for the recipients of the Dukedoms of Gordon and Argyll in the peerage of the United Kingdom were already Scottish Dukes. It is practically certain that, at any rate, Lord Cadogan will be advanced to the dignity of a Marquis, for that rank is generally conferred on Irish Viceroys on the conclusion of their term of office. For instance, in the second year of the Queen's reign the Earl of Mulgrave was created Marquis of Normanby, and, coming to recent times, the Earl of Zetland was created Marquis of Zetland on retiring from the Viceroyalty in 1892. In 1895, however, Lord Houghton was advanced only to an Earldom (that of Crewe) on leaving Ireland.

The Mineral-Water-Bottle Exchange Association, in choosing a new President in Mr. Apdar Jones, has not forgotten the services of its retiring President, Mr. E. S. Crick, to whom has been presented a silver salver and tea-and-coffee service.

Sir Robert Mowbray.

Sir Robert Mowbray, the Conservative candidate for Brixton, is, as everybody knows, the son of the late "Father of the House of Commons"; but what nearly everybody has forgotten is that the deceased baronet, instead of giving his wife his name, took hers, for, on his marriage in 1847 with Miss Elizabeth Gray Mowbray, he dropped his family appellation of Cornish and assumed his bride's surname. Miss Mowbray was an heiress, and brought the beautiful place, Warenes Wood, near Mortimer, in Berkshire, to her husband. Sir Robert, their son, is an exceedingly well-read and well-speaking man. At Eton and Oxford he made his mark, and, though he made no great show when he sat in Parliament before as an orator, his opinion was respected by members on both sides of the House.

A Famous Soldier's Wife.

The Hon. Lady Gatacre, the wife of the famous soldier who served with such distinction in the Nile Campaign, and is now commanding a Division in South Africa, is one of the two pretty twin daughters of Lord and Lady Davey, who were both married the same year—that is, in 1895. Lady Gatacre has two step-sons, neither of whom is very much younger than herself. Although coming from legal stock—her father is a Law Lord—she herself is doubly connected with the Army, her elder brother, the Hon. Scott Davey, being a Captain in the 18th Hussars. Lady Gatacre's marriage took place only two months after the termination of the Chitral Expedition, in which her husband commanded the Third Division, and during the last five years she has only twice had the mingled pain and pride of seeing him depart on active service—once on the Nile Expedition, and last autumn, when he left for South Africa. Lady Gatacre, who, like all our distinguished officers' wives, has taken an active part in organising the various funds which have for object the assistance and relief of the absent soldiers' wives and families, lives at her husband's beautiful place, Scarletts, near Colchester.

The New War Loan.

The scene at the Bank of England on the occasion of the subscription to the new War Loan of £30,000,000 was probably unprecedented. On the Saturday morning particulars were announced, and immediately there was a rush for the prospectus. All day long at the head office and the two London branches the demand was incessant. In Threadneedle Street the notices and application-forms were distributed at the office of the Chief Cashier, and, though Saturday is a short day, tenders for some £60,000,000 had, I believe, been received by closing-time. On the Monday, so great was the still-increasing rush that the application-forms were distributed in the Courtyard, which, with the Issue Department and the long corridor leading to the office of the Chief

Cashier, was a mass of investors and stockbrokers' and bankers' clerks. When closing-time came on Monday, tenders for some £200,000,000 were said to have been received, and there were still no instructions for closing the lists. On the Tuesday and Wednesday applications continued to arrive, but the personal struggle in Threadneedle Street had subsided. Of course, patriotism had something to do with the rush, but, in view of the price and the date of expiry of Consols, the terms offered were decidedly attractive, while, doubtless, the substantial premium at which the stock was quoted had influenced a good many applicants. The heavy tenders from the Colonies and from the United States were remarkable features in the issue of the loan, the success of which can hardly fail to impress Continental opinion. There was, I believe, some idea of permitting applications for amounts of £10 and upwards, but, in view of the blow such a course would have inflicted on the Post Office Savings Bank and other kindred institutions, it was abandoned, though it would doubtless be adopted were a larger loan required in some more pressing emergency.

Paris Exhibition.

Nothing short of a marvel can put the English section into reasonable order for the opening-day. A tenth of the exhibits had not arrived as lately as last Monday, and the question of putting them in order had apparently hardly been considered. It is to the credit of the French Press that they acknowledged the splendid services the Prince of Wales rendered to the Exhibition of 1878, and, now that Leyds' money is no longer to be counted on, their tone is becoming more and more friendly towards England.



REV. F. J. CHAVASSE, NEWLY APPOINTED BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL,
LATE PRINCIPAL OF WYCLIFFE HALL.

Photo by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.

An Attractive Art Exhibition.

Special interest attaches to the Exhibition of the Royal Amateur Art Society which is being held this week in Chesterfield Gardens, by the kind permission of Mr. and Mrs. Beer, for the proceeds are to be divided between the Officers' Families Fund and two excellent charities which,



SIGNORA BACCELLI.—SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

One of the gems of the Exhibition. From a Photo taken by Mr. Lionel Masters.

but for the kind thought of the members of the "R.A.A.S.," would probably have suffered considerably, owing to the great popularity of all the War Funds. These two charities are the Parochial Mission Women's Fund and the East London Nursing Association. The Princess of Wales—who is President of the Society—Lady Granby, Viscountess Hood, Lady Ashburton, and many other distinguished artists, are among the exhibitors. Lady Lansdowne, who opened the Exhibition yesterday (20th), presides over the selling of some charming framed water-colours collected by Lady Maxwell-Lyte; and among her helpers are Lady White and her daughter, who, notwithstanding their natural anxiety—for disquieting news still arrives from "the front" concerning Sir George White's health—are doing all they can to make the Exhibition and Sale a success.

Miniatures Lent by the Queen.

In the loan annexe a very special interest attaches to six exquisite miniatures lent by the Queen from the Windsor Castle collection. Lord Cheylesmere is represented by a collection of very rare and beautiful mezzotints; while a great feature of this year's Exhibition is a fine collection of old miniatures lent by distinguished people from all over the kingdom. The various exhibits in this section of the Exhibition have been admirably arranged by the Dowager Lady Newton.

Some Beautiful Brides.

It rarely happens that a bride presented at the Drawing-Room on her marriage does not appear in pure white. Mrs. White-Ridley, however, the good-looking daughter-in-law of the Home Secretary, who is, of course, in deep mourning for her mother-in-law, appeared in a very effective magpie gown of white satin and black velvet. Undoubtedly the most costly frock was the marvellous lace gown of Lady Jeune's young sister-in-law, Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie (née Miss Steinkop), for she appeared in the lace gown in which she was married; and few brides of modern days, if the Princess of Wales be excepted, could have boasted of such a wonderfully lovely and rare possession.



LORD BROOKE, ELDER SON OF EARL AND COUNTESS OF WARWICK, LEAVING FOR "THE FRONT."

Photo by Hills and Saunders, Eton.

Yet another heir to a peerage will soon be at "the front." Lord Brooke, the elder son of the Earl and Countess of Warwick, is just starting for "the front." Lord Brooke, who will not be eighteen till September, will share the dangers of active service with his uncle, the Hon. Sidney Greville, who has gone out with the Imperial Yeomanry. Much of Lady Warwick's cleverness and sympathetic charm has descended to her son, who is universally popular. On the occasion of Princess Christian's

recent visit to Leamington, Lord Brooke attracted much attention by the pleasant and unaffected manner in which he took his father's place, the Earl being ill, and, with his mother, extended the hospitality of Warwick Castle to the Royal party. In now going forth to war, Lord Brooke is worthily sustaining the military traditions of his family. The second Lord Brooke was a distinguished General on the Parliament side in the Civil War, and was killed in the assault on Lichfield in 1642, and many cadets of the House of Warwick have seen service either in the Army or in the Navy.

Society of Yorkshiremen in London.

This loyal Society held a grand concert at the Holborn Restaurant on Tuesday evening, the 13th inst., under the Chairmanship of Sir Albert K. Rollit, Bart., M.P. Sir Albert, on rising to speak, received a real Yorkshire welcome. In a most eloquent speech, he extolled the claims of the "premier county," and his remark that the Yorkshire regiments in South Africa could show the "White Rose," but never the "white feather," was received with thunders of applause. During the evening, it was proposed from the chair, and seconded by Mr. Edward Rodgers, Treasurer, that the Hon. Sec. send congratulations to the Lord Mayor—a native of the "premier county"—on his receiving the honour of a baronetcy. The resolution was carried with acclamation.

Steyn: A Conundrum.

Every Englishman who has been in South Africa marvels at the astonishing political *volte-face* of ex-President Steyn. Educated in England, a student at the Middle Temple, speaking English like an Englishman, encouraging English institutions in the Free State, and always hospitable



"THE LATE PRESIDENT" STEYN, DEPOSED FROM THE ORANGE FREE STATE BY GENERAL ROBERTS.

Copied, by courteous permission of the Proprietors, from "South Africa."

to our countrymen—witness his good greeting to the English cricketers who went to South Africa—he suddenly veered round like a weather-cock. Perhaps a British resident for twenty years in the two Republics may be right in what he says: "Steyn was led into the folly of associating himself with Kruger by two potent factors—the one his ambition, the other his poverty. The prospect of being ultimately President of the South African Republic dazzled him, and undoubtedly 'Oom Paul' supplied him with large sums of money in exchange for the Alliance Treaty. The Presidency of the Free State, it must be remembered, is worth only £300 a-year. For these reasons, Steyn has fallen, and dragged the independence of his country down with him."

Leyds.

A friend, who enjoys possibly more of the confidence of high officials in German circles than any man living, gave me this information, which is worth recording. "Leyds," he said, "will never go back to the Transvaal, or, if he does, there will be trouble. He muddled up the whole business from the start. The money to suborn the Continental Press was given him to bring about a war between England and a foreign Power, so that Kruger could pour his forces into the Cape Colony. He let the secret out to a lady, and she babbled in a Berlin salon. The British Government was warned by one of its Attachés in Berlin within twenty-four hours."

THE NEW CABLE TO THE CAPE.

THE completion of a new cable from Cape St. Vincent to the Cape reminds one of the great indebtedness of the Government and the public, the Army and Navy, to the Eastern Telegraph Company in this critical time of War. It is no exaggeration to say that without their cables it would be utterly impossible for Her Majesty and

figures in the cable-world will be recognised in the group superintending the laying of the shore end of the cable at St. Vincent. The ship in the distance is the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company's cable-steamer *Anglia*, which is capable of carrying about 4250 knots of deep-sea cable in her four enormous tanks.

Another photograph shows the experts who landed to see the cable taken ashore, and to lay it in a trench, about four to five feet deep, leading to the cable-hut. It is then tested by the ship's electrical staff, and, if found to be

SKETCH MAP SHOWING MAIN LINE AND OFFSHOOTS OF THE ASSOCIATED SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH COMPANIES AND ALTERNATIVE ROUTES OF ALLIED COMPANIES

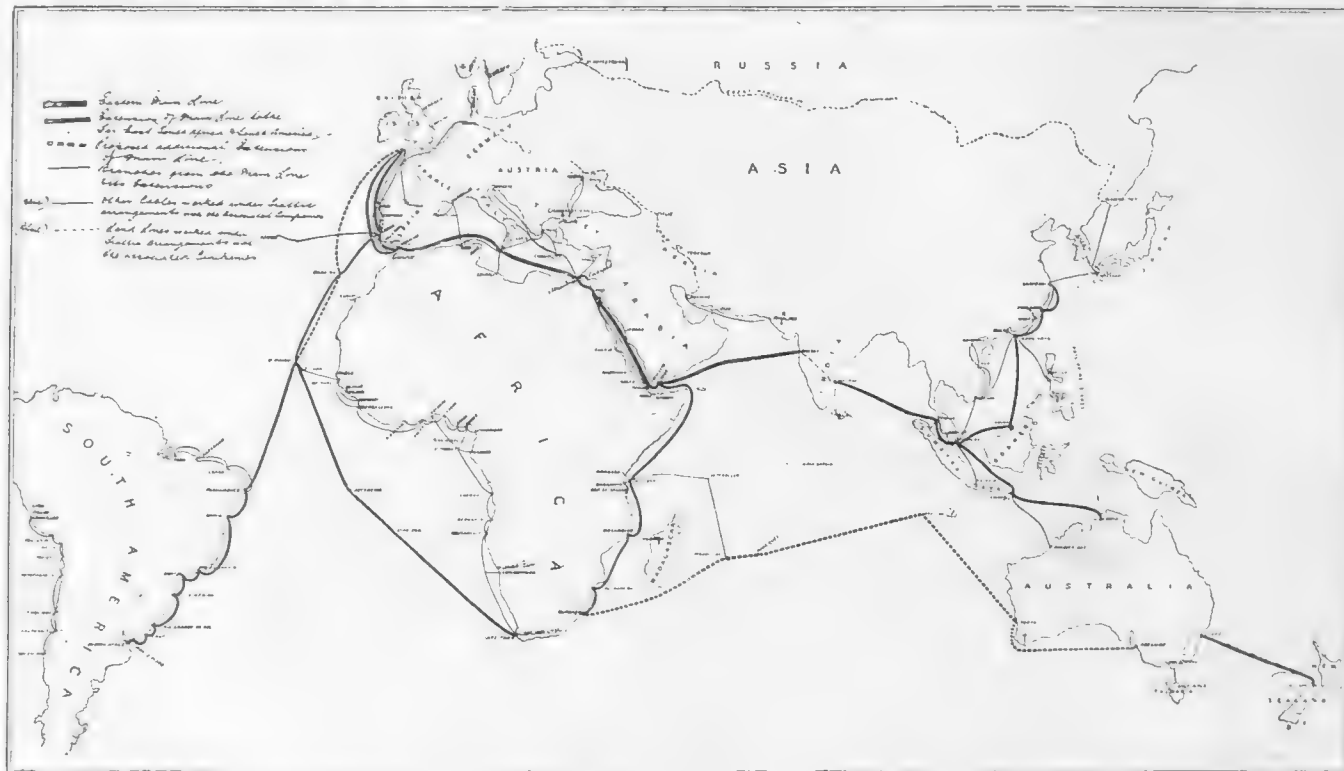


CHART INDICATING THE ROUTE OF THE NEW CABLE FROM ST. VINCENT TO THE CAPE, ETC.

Downing Street to keep alive that constant connection between the Motherland and India and "Greater Britain" which has borne such glorious fruits at the present juncture.

Consider the laudable celerity with which the recent despatches announcing the relief of Kimberley and Ladysmith and the surrender of Cronjé and his laager were transmitted to London! Ample proofs were supplied then that the art of cable-telegraphy has been brought to a pitch of perfection. But these notable triumphs of deep-sea telegraphy have not been achieved without a praiseworthy amount of self-sacrifice and tireless work on the part of a well-trained and devoted staff.

The Sketch has to thank Mr. Foy, Superintendent of the Cable Company at St. Vincent (Cape Verde Islands) for the accompanying interesting photographs illustrating the completion of the last link of the new cable communication between that island and the Cape, *via* Ascension and St. Helena—due to the enterprise of the Eastern Telegraph Company.

Attention may first be called to the view of the town of Mindello, the port of call for the Mail-Steamers to South America as well as for Vessels of War. There are landed, besides the new cable, the duplicate direct cables connecting the Continent of Europe with South America by way of Madeira, and also the line to West Africa, which forms the West Coast route to the Cape of Good Hope. (In parenthesis, it may be stated that cablegrams for Durban by the East African line are sent by way of Porthcurnow and "Gib," Malta, Alexandria, Suez, Aden, Zanzibar, and Delagoa Bay.)

The captains, officers, and electricians of cable-ships are among the most genial of men, besides being experts at their calling. Well-known

satisfactory, is detached from the buoys and allowed to sink to rest at the bottom of the sea. The steamer then proceeds to pay out the cable seawards.

The small photograph indicates the trench made for the lines connecting the cable-ends with the telegraph-station in the town. This new cable (by which one hundred and twenty letters per minute can be telegraphed *via* St. Helena, as against sixty by the West Coast route) forms the first line of the proposed new cable-connection with Australia by way of South Africa, Mauritius, Rodriguez, Perth, and Adelaide—indicated in the above chart. I observe, from a letter in the *Times* last week, that the tariff with Australia will shortly be reduced by the Eastern Extension Company to four shillings a word, with promise of an eventual diminution to half-a-crown.

In conclusion, it may be added that, as the Government is under the heaviest load of obligation to the Eastern Telegraph Company for invaluable services rendered to the Realm, especially during the War, there is cogent reason why Ministers should accord the Company just and ungrudging support and co-operation in its truly Imperial work. In the House of Lords, as recently as the 15th inst., the Marquis of Lansdowne had occasion to acknowledge in gracious terms a fresh instance of the public spirit ever evinced by the foremost Cable Company in the world. Replying to a question by the Earl of Lichfield, the Secretary for War said intimation had been received from the Eastern Telegraph Company that they were prepared to make certain very important concessions in regard to telegrams to the troops in South Africa. All messages to soldiers and sailors were to be sent at the reduced rate of two shillings per word instead of the full rate of four shillings.



TRENCH SHOWING SIX LEAD-COVERED LAND-LINES IN POSITION AT ST. VINCENT JUST BEFORE FILLING-IN, TO BE USED FOR THE NEW CAPE CABLE.

Photo by F. B. Foy, St. Vincent.

THE NEW CABLE TO THE CAPE.

From Photographs by F. B. Foy, St. Vincent.



THE "ANGLIA" LAYING THE SHORE END OF THE NEW CAPE CABLE AT ST. VINCENT.



The Western Telegraph Company's Station.

ST. VINCENT, CAPE VERDE: THE TOWN AND TELEGRAPH STATION OF MINDELLO.

THE REFORMED "SLAP-BANG."

LIPTON'S IN THE CITY ROAD.

I HAVE not a word to say against "Pearce and Plenty." Mr. Pearce knows his business, and, I believe, began life as an early breakfast-stall-keeper in the City Road. I have taken substantial teas at Lockhart's, I have patronised the A.B.C. establishments in various parts of London, I am not a stranger at the "Cabin" or Slater's, I have



THE "ALEXANDRA TRUST" DINING-ROOMS (SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S)
IN THE CITY ROAD.

looked in at the British Tea-Table, and the waitresses know me at Lyons'; but, for a thoroughly reformed "Slap-Bang," give me Lipton's in the City Road, with its steam-kitchens, its enamelled lavatories, and its power of turning out ten thousand meals a-day for the working



THE KITCHEN.
Photo by Campbell, Creed Lane.

husbands of wives who know less about cooking than does a South Sea Islander.

I BLESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND SIR THOMAS LIPTON for raising the common copper halfpenny into a coin of exceptional exchangeable value—a coin that can do much by itself, and wonders when it is multiplied by two, three, four, or five. By itself, at Lipton's reformed "Slap-Bang," it can command an infinite variety of "snacks"—

porridge, tea, coffee, cocoa, bread-and-butter, bread-and-jam, bread-and-marmalade, cake, pastry, vegetables, puddings, a mug of milk, or a plate of soup. Never despise a halfpenny, and even think kindly of a farthing.

IF YOU WANT A "TIGHTENER"—

a "regular tightener"—put five halfpennies together and have a plate of boiled fish and potatoes. If you want to reach a higher level than the "tightener"—to imitate your betters, and rollick at a satisfying and varied *table-d'hôte*—spring to nine halfpence, or fourpence-halfpenny, and leave the Spartan simplicity of the halfpenny pudding for the Roman luxury of a plate of soup, a plate of roast pork, with two vegetables, or roast beef, roast mutton, boiled pork, stewed steak, liver-and-bacon, or a large steak-pudding, followed either by pastry, or varied with a mug of tea, coffee, or cocoa.

THIS IS THE "ALEXANDRA TRUST"

(capital unlimited), brought to the doors of my good friends, the horny-handed sons of toil, or the less favoured but equally hungry



THE DINING-ROOM.
Photo by Campbell, Creed Lane.

Mr. Guttersnipe, Mr. Quilldriver, or Mr. Cashier-Forward, and their female belongings. Some of us can go back sixty years and more in this neighbourhood, when the feeding was more or less *al fresco*—the fried-fish stall, the stewed-eel stall, the baked-potato can; the tossing-pieman,



THE ENTRANCE-HALL.
Photo by Campbell, Creed Lane.

with his well-seasoned productions; or the steaming "duff"-shop, where you ate your hot trotter in your fingers, and scooped your pease-pudding off a cabbage-leaf. Lipton's is a marvel. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.



TESTING CAPTAIN PERCY SCOTT'S GUN-CARRIAGE WITH A 6-INCH 100-POUNDER ON THE BEACH AT DURBAN. THE GUN-CARRIAGE STOOD THE TEST WELL, AND WAS SENT UP COUNTRY THE SAME EVENING FOR IMMEDIATE USE.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

War, Weddings, and Motor-Cars—Why not Marry a Princess?—"The Man Who Did" (but doesn't do so now)—Bachelors as Contraband of War—Novelists with a Purpose—Cherchez la Femme.

LONDON has been wonderfully immune from the weddings generally so rife before Easter. Some were hurried on by the war, others postponed. All officers invalided home wounded, however, may, for statistical purposes, be assumed engaged within a month from the date of landing. And would-be "finances" are rumoured to be already proposing to successful War-Correspondents and cavalry-leaders in the field. Again, the motor-car furore will sustain the high marriage-rate proved by tables to have followed the bicycle epidemic. Yet still, as some sage remarks, "marriage remains three times commoner among women than among men."

A case in point is the engagement to a mere Count (where Counts are a drug in the market) of the Crown Princess Stéphanie of Austria. Their easily shocked aristocracy are thrilled with horror, and the *oi πόντοι* with admiration for an act as adventurous and Bohemian as

amusements—but merely to share them. He begins to demand for himself a corner in the newspapers formerly filled with fashion gossip.

Men, says another great thinker, are always engaged for longer than girls, but both certainly wait till a later age than formerly. We develop slowly nowadays. A tax on bachelors, with a rebate on those on active service, would alter this; yet Sir Michael, possibly fearing frantic opposition, from the Leader of the House downwards, left it alone. What an impetus he would have given to trade, even though silver is cheapening every day, and, therefore, wedding-presents—the one bright spot in this melancholy subject! Yet the wedding-present of the year (such things move in cycles) is the Louis Quinze table—not silver at all. And what a rush there would have been to get married before the three days of grace, and "do" the Treasury! The clergy would have been as overworked as Custom House officers, and young men captured on the great liners in the act of smuggling themselves out of the country.

Dr. Conan Doyle's departure was neither in quest of "copy" (as the baser sort vainly imagined) nor of "oof" (With several thousands a-year already, and simple tastes, one doesn't want it), but absolutely "for his country's good." Indeed, a dangerous precedent is set up by



LORD AND LADY SANDHURST LEAVING BOMBAY ON THE TERMINATION OF LORD SANDHURST'S OFFICE AS GOVERNOR OF THE CITY.

that of a milliner's assistant eloping in the face of public opinion with a milkman. But a recent audit of the Courts of Europe showed them to be over-supplied with eligible Princesses, the exact figures being—seventy-one marriageable Princesses, forty-seven marriageable Princes; leaving twenty-four Princesses "over." Result: Happiness, for ambitious commoners.

The modern young man "hangs fire." It may be thrift, the observance of Thackeray's commandment, "Thou shalt not marry unless thou hast a brougham"; or the decay of nerve-power in a degenerate age, liable to prostration in face of such an ordeal as a wedding. But the young man is finding every day that marriage is not the only road to an income. He is being educated—this applies even to the highest classes—and fitting himself for such professions as the stage, finance, and the editing of newspapers, formerly looked on as ignoble, and till lately in the hands of peeresses and the like. True, if he is married, his tailor's bills are paid for him; but is money everything?

It may be argued that he has the dignity of a married man, a home to protect, and a wife's mother to interest herself in his life. He is protected from the bachelor friends who would drop in and disturb him. And "the new man" is rapidly becoming determined to assert his independence. He does not wish to interfere with the smoking, gambling, and yellow-novel-writing of his wife—legitimate and innocent

the Berlin authoress who, the other day, stole a boar to examine at first-hand the feelings of a shop-lifter. If Mr. Hall Caine "got up" John Storm in the public thoroughfares, he would be put under restraint; and women novelists who acted like any of their own characters would be shut up in Reformatories or Homes for the Hopelessly Irreclaimable. Fancy Mr. Tree with an ass's head in Piccadilly, or Mr. Wyndham with that nose (even though it is a Wellingtonian edition of M. Coquelin's)! They would be arrested for obstructing the traffic.

War and weddings ill-suited, did I say? Woman has herself to thank. Is not the poor, peaceable officer, who, being under the age-limit, has not volunteered, the ridicule of his sisters, cousins, and aunts? Minister, especially if thou be young and handsome, have respect unto the Ladies' Gallery when fain to speak of "conciliation." What man wotteth of the treasons, stratagems, and spoils sprung into being behind that Grille, outwardly reposeful, dangerously circumspect? It is Fitzsimmons with his wife sitting at the ropes ever again. Woman's diplomacy is that of the child who asked if Tories ever went to Heaven, and as inexorable. She divides the world into good and bad, England monopolising the former class. Talk of Helen of Troy! For whom do we shed our blood, lend millions (which, by-the-bye, bring forth sixty-fold), endure hardships, and hang out flags of unknown nationality upside down? Whom went we out for to see, with apoplectic hurrahs, and wasted hours of valuable club-life? *Cherchez la femme.*—HILL ROWAN

SNAPSHOTS SENT TO "THE SKETCH" FROM ENSLIN AND MODDER RIVER CAMP.



SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE 2ND BATTALION SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS AT MODDER RIVER.



THE REV. J. ROBERTSON, CHAPLAIN TO THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE, WHO HAS BEEN TWICE MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES.



VIEW OF ENSLIN CAMP: THE BOER KOPJES IN THE DISTANCE WERE THE SCENE OF THE BATTLE.



DIVINE SERVICE AT ENSLIN CAMP: THE AUSTRALIANS AND GORDON HIGHLANDERS; REV. W. S. JAFFEAY, CHAPLAIN.



VIEW OF CAPE TOWN AND THE ILL-FATED TRANSPORT "RAPIDAN," WHICH WAS WRECKED WITH HORSES AND GUNS.



GRAVE OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL GOFF, ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS, WITH THE REV. J. ROBERTSON AT HEAD.

THE BOOK OF THE BLUES.

THE STORY OF THE INTER-UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

A Former History of the Race—The Origin of the Race—Why Light Blue was Chosen—How Blues are Made—The Story of Every Race—New Features in the Book.

CONSIDERING the amount of interest taken each spring in the Boat-Race, it is astonishing that till now there should have been no history of this sporting event giving an account of the struggle between the rival Universities up to date. At this time of year the papers give columns of news about the practice of the crews and reminiscence of the former races, so that it is pretty plain that the public



THE OXFORD CREW IN IFFLEY LOCK.

want to know all they can about the contest. But the only connected story of the race has, so far, been the volume brought out in 1884 by Mr. Treherne, an old Oxford Blue, which brings the story of the contest up to 1883.

That is a matter of sixteen years ago, and for the history of those sixteen years the rowing enthusiast would have still to refer to back-numbers were it not that this spring Mr. Wadham Peacock has written and Mr. Grant Richards has published a little book bringing the history of the race up to last year—the year in which Cambridge triumphantly turned the tide and put an end to Oxford's run of nine years' victories. Mr. Treherne's book contained a good deal that was out of the beat of the general public, although to rowing-men it will always be a text-book; but the present volume is written not only for the boating world, but also for the man who takes an interest in the Boat-Race only during the fortnight preceding the race.

As most people know, the race was founded in 1829 by Wordsworth and Staniforth, of Oxford, and Merivale and Snow, of Cambridge, and was rowed at Henley. An introductory chapter gives the history of the preliminary arrangements, and the second chapter deals with the colours, the Dark and Light Blue, of the crews. As Mr. Wadham Peacock points out, the original colours were blue for Oxford and pink for Cambridge, and he suggests that when, in 1836, Light Blue was worn by Cambridge, it was out of compliment to Mr. T. S. Egan, the famous coach, who was a Caius man. Caius College had worn Light Blue for a year or two before 1836, and it is very plausible to suggest that when, at the last moment, a bit of ribbon was sent for to make a little flag for the bows of the Cambridge boat, Light Blue was chosen as a compliment to Mr. Egan, who had coached the boat and steered it in the race.

The next chapter tells how a Blue is made, from the time when, as a freshman, he learns the rudiments of rowing in a tub-pair, through the



THE CAMBRIDGE CREW AT COOKHAM: TAKING OUT THE BOAT.

College races and the Trial Eights, to the time when he takes his seat in the University Eight to row for Oxford or Cambridge at Putney. The last of the introductory chapters describes the start for the race, and then we come to the history of the contests themselves.



THE OXFORD CREW EMBARKING AT THE 'VARSITY BARGE, OXFORD.

The pages are very conveniently arranged, as each year has an opening to itself. Each year is summarised shortly: first, the preliminaries, then the story of the race, then the names and weights of the crews, and, lastly, notes on the men who took part in it. Not many men now living can remember the 1829 race, and of the eighteen oarsmen and coxswains who took part in it fourteen are known to be dead. But, on the whole, it is surprising to see how few, comparatively, have joined the great majority.

Looking over these records of old races brings back memories of many pleasant hours, and of chilly spring days at Putney, when at one point of the course or another we have waited for the crews to come in sight round the corner, with the steamers lumbering along behind them. Coming home from the Boat-Race last year, a young Cambridge man, bubbling over with pleasure at the result of the race, was heard to say that it seemed almost impossible that Cambridge should ever win the race. The remark is enough to make those who remember the days of Goldie and Rhodes and F. I. Pitman and Gardner feel very old. It was what used to be said in the now dim and distant days of thirty years ago, when Goldie broke the long run of Oxford successes—Goldie, whose son helped to turn the tide last year, after rowing in an unsuccessful race, as his father did.

Cambridge used to be the winning University, and at one time men used to question if Oxford could ever hope to rival Cambridge. It was not until twenty races had been rowed, in 1863, that the number of races won was equal, and not until three or four years afterwards that people began to ask if Cambridge would ever win again. Then, in 1870, came five years of victory for Cambridge, followed by four years for Oxford, from 1880 to 1883, and four years for Cambridge, from 1886 to



THE OXFORD CREW AT HENLEY: GETTING INTO THE BOAT.

1889, before the long series of Oxford wins set in. Then, in 1899, the tide turned, and now Cambridge appears to be going to have a share of good luck.

The races are briefly and succinctly told, but with quite sufficient detail. As before remarked, the book is brought up to last year, and, it is hoped, will be published yearly. There is a most useful index of Blues, arranged alphabetically, and also an obituary, two things which are not to be found in any other book. The obituary is pretty certain to be imperfect, as it is almost impossible to include every name in a first edition, and therefore it is not surprising that the author hopes that corrections and additions may be sent to him at the publisher's. As the price of the book is only two shillings, it should appeal to a wide circle of readers at this time of the year.

THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.

*Her Valuable Work in Connection with the Irish Industries Association—
Her Tenants—Residence at the Viceregal Lodge—Love of Literature.*

HER MAJESTY'S gracious and spontaneous intention to visit Ireland early next month, combined with the intimation of her permission to her Irish troops to wear the shamrock on St. Patrick's Day, has had the effect of drawing general attention to the Emerald Isle. Certainly no one will be more delighted at this result than the Marchioness of Londonderry, whose great powers of organisation, wedded to a deep-hearted, womanly kindness, have made the Irish Industries Association so great a power for good. Ireland, in short, has been very much "up" lately, and the Bazaar of the Irish Industries Association, which the Prince of Wales opened at the Mansion House last week (Friday, March 16), benefited considerably by this revival of popular interest.

Needless to say, the work of the Irish Industries Association is non-political; it has only for its object the improvement of the wage-earning classes in Ireland, particularly by promoting their home industries, and the moving spirit of the whole organisation is the charming and brilliant Vice-Reine, who is equally popular, and with good reason, in County Down, in Northumberland, in London, and in Dublin.

Of all Lord Londonderry's seats, it is at his Irish one, Mount Stewart, that Lady Londonderry is seen at most personal advantage. There she is among the people whom it is her delight to help, and there she can exercise the distinctively Irish virtues of hospitality to all her neighbours, gentle and simple.

In this matter, as, indeed, in so many others, both Lord and Lady Londonderry set a really splendid example to the great Irishland-owning class. Small wonder, therefore, that they have never had to complain—as have so many—of meeting with anything but gratitude and affection from their Irish tenantry. Every year sees them settled down for a good long stay in the most picturesque of their many beautiful homes. Mount Stewart is a typical Irish mansion, picturesque without and delightfully comfortable within, surrounded by a fine sporting estate, and the centre of a notable hunting country, the resort of the famous County Down Hunt.

It was at Mount Stewart, while entertaining a succession of house-parties of both English and Irish friends, that Lady Londonderry may be said to have first made fashionable the friezes and Irish tweeds which now compete successfully with Scotch materials of the same description. One of the principal amusements followed at Mount Stewart is that of yachting, and, as all the world now knows, no materials are more admirably adapted for rough-weather clothes. Both Lady Londonderry and her daughter, Lady Helen Stewart, are splendid sailors, and can manage a boat without any professional aid.

At the time of her marriage to the then Lord Castlereagh, Lady Theresa Susie Helen Talbot was the eldest daughter of the nineteenth Earl of Shrewsbury, and one of a group of lovely sisters. She was just nineteen when the wedding took place, and the fact that the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot is premier Earl in both the peerages of England

and Ireland seems to have given her, even before her marriage, a touch of kinship with the Irish people. Of her two younger sisters, Lady Gwendolen Talbot first became the wife of Colonel Edward Chaplin, and secondly of Major Cosmo Little, while Lady Muriel Talbot married, when only seventeen, Viscount Helmsley, and, after his death, Mr. Hugh Owen.

The first few years of their married life were spent by the then Lord and Lady Castlereagh in Ireland, and, even after the former was triumphantly returned as Member for County Down, they were far better known in Irish than in London society. It was at this time that the future Vice-Reine first turned her attention to Irish industrial problems, and she may truly claim to have been among those half-dozen great Irish ladies to whose unwearied efforts, great generosity, and personal initiative the present flourishing state of local Irish industries is due.

Not content with bringing about a revival of lace-making, of hand-weaving, and of various other artistic handicrafts which had almost

totally disappeared since the terrible famine-years, Lady Castlereagh and her friends started new centres of work; and when, two years after Lord Castlereagh succeeded his father as Lord Londonderry, he became Viceroy of Ireland, the splendid work already achieved by his lovely wife bore good fruit, and Dublin has not yet forgotten the fashion in which the new Lord-Lieutenant and Lady Londonderry were greeted when they made their State entry into the city on Sept. 18, 1886.

Although the duties of a Vice-Reine are somewhat complicated and very varied, never was a Vicereignty kept up in more splendid style than during her residence at the Viceregal Lodge. She did not forget the Irish Industries, but threw her great prestige and social influence on the side of making them really widely known on both sides of the Irish Channel. To give an instance: during the three years of Lady Londonderry's "reign," she made that most delightful of fabrics, Irish poplin, once more fashionable by wearing it on every possible occasion, especially in conjunction with the more costly Irish laces, which were thus seen by many of the Vice-Reine's English and Scotch friends to be quite as effective and beautiful as, and in



THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY,
THE ZEALOUS PROMOTER OF IRISH INDUSTRIES IN ENGLAND.
Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

most cases less costly than, the Italian, French, and Belgian laces which had at the time held the field so long.

No account, however slight, of Lady Londonderry would be complete without reference to her great love of literature and keen appreciation of books, old and new. Amid the pleasures and duties of an exceptionally brilliant and well-filled life she has found time to design a peculiarly charming book-plate, in which is enshrined her own family motto, that of the Talbots, "Prest d'accomplir," and also the significant phrase, "Non domine nostri, sed duces" (Not my rulers, but my leaders).

Lord and Lady Londonderry were, till comparatively lately, the happy parents of two sons and one daughter. This last autumn they had the deep grief of losing the younger of their sons, Lord Reginald Stewart, a singularly gifted youth, and that comparatively shortly after they had had the gratification of being able to announce to their innumerable friends the engagement of their eldest son, Lord Castlereagh, to Miss Edith Chaplin, the eldest daughter of the President of the Local Government Board. Their only daughter, Lady Helen Stewart, is her mother's inseparable companion and friend.



MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH

AS GEORGIANA TIDMAN IN THE REVIVAL OF "DANDY DICK," AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.



MISS CONNIE EDISS AS MRS. BANG IN "THE MESSENGER BOY," AT THE GAIETY
THE "SOCIETY" SONGSTRESS APPEARS FOR THE FIRST TIME IN FARCICAL COMEDY THIS WEEK IN "WILLIE'S MISSUS," AT A STRAND MATINÉE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

GENERAL JOUBERT.

"Slim Piet," Generalissimo of the Boers—His Contempt of English Marksmanship—Hero of Majuba and the Would-be Arbiter of the Jameson Raiders' Destiny.

AFTER Cronjé, Joubert. That is Lord Roberts' plan of campaign, and, in obedience to the invariably incorrectly quoted line, it will undoubtedly be a case of "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug-of-war."

Petrus Jacobus Joubert, to give him his baptismal name—"Slim Piet," as he is always called—is the fighting hope of the Boers, the most noted soldier of the nation, and Commander-in-Chief of the Transvaal forces. To him, indeed, before hostilities began the people turned with pleasurable expectation of his giving Great Britain what Tommy Atkins oracularly calls "what for." When Lord Roberts has finished with him, however, his people will find that he has got what he was expected to give.

The General is a son of the soil, for, though he has the blood of French Huguenots in his veins, he was born at Congo, in Cape Colony, some sixty-eight years ago. His first appearance on the scene of life's battle was on a farm, and a farmer he grew up, until the time came when it was necessary for him to beat his plough-share into a sword, when, not to continue the metaphor, he shouldered a gun and became a fighting-man.

His skill with the rifle was great even when he was a boy, but not more, he would have us believe, than that of his comrades, who always shot to kill. It was only a few months ago that he recalled an incident of his early career, in order to show the way in which he meant to treat our soldiers when they took the field against him; and, in justice to his knowledge of the art of war and his skill in generalship—two things which no one will deny, not only because we love to acknowledge greatness when we see it, but also because it emphasises our own superiority in the hour of victory—it must be admitted he kept his word. Incidentally, the circumstance shows that he has no great idea of British marksmanship, or rather, let us say, had, for circumstances have probably caused him to change the vain opinion formed in his youth and hastily expressed in his age.

An English regiment was quartered on the farm on which he was, when three hartbeestes unexpectedly appeared on the veldt, and the soldiers, picking up their rifles, fired at them. The beestes bounded away unhurt. Joubert and two friends levelled their guns, fired, and the three animals fell. "That is the way we shoot at the English," said Joubert boastfully before the war began, and that is probably the way in which he and "Oom Paul" used to fight against the natives.

The two men were great friends at that time, but the events of recent years have served to estrange them, as is inevitable when he who is second aspires to the first place. "The first in war," Joubert would emulate George Washington and be "first in peace," though, were he asked, he would probably admit he cared little about the place he occupied "in the hearts of his countrymen." In the election of 1893, he ran against Kruger for the Presidency of the Transvaal, and succeeded in polling 7009 votes against "Oom's" 7881, so that he came too close to be comfortable, although at the last election Kruger's majority was six times as great as the General's. The Vice-Presidency was, no doubt, some consolation, coupled with the chief position in the army.

Let it not be forgotten that, in the early days of the trouble between Great Britain and the Transvaal, Joubert shared with Kruger the position of primary importance. Together they came over to England, and on their return home the flag of the Republic was hoisted at Heidelberg, on Dec. 16, 1880, its independence being declared by the triumvirate Kruger, Joubert, and Pretorius. Then followed the war which ended on that disastrous day of February 1881, when Joubert defeated the ill-fated Sir George Colley at Majuba.

If one would contrast "Slim Piet" with "slimmer" "Oom," the attitude they adopted towards the Jameson Raiders would perhaps furnish the best example. When the prisoners had been put into jail, and their captors were debating what should be done with them, it was General Joubert who was strongest in favour of putting them to death, while Kruger declared for clemency. When, at length, after a sitting lasting the whole night, the latter opinion prevailed, it was on the Vice-President that the office devolved of making the official decision known to the people who had assembled outside. Joubert's speech, which has been reported, was a masterpiece—

Fellow Burghers (he said), if you had a beautiful flock of sheep, and a neighbour's dogs got into the pasture and killed them, what would you do? Would you take your rifle and straightway proceed to shoot those dogs, in that way making yourself liable for greater damages than the value of the sheep destroyed; or would you catch those dogs and take them to your neighbour and say, "Here are your dogs; I caught them in the act; pay me for the damage they have done to my sheep, and they shall be returned?"

As though he were born to diplomacy and had considered the dramatic value of the effect of his speech—which he probably had—he paused for a moment. Then he went on: "We have the neighbour's dogs in jail here; what shall we do?" "Make them 'Pay, pay, pay,'" was the answer, in effect, although "the absent minded beggar" had not then been dreamed of in the fertile brain of Rudyard Kipling. In the payment there is a score to be settled with the quondam State Attorney to the Republic and Vice-President of the Council, whose ambition in the matter of sitting in Oom Paul's chair will, it is hoped, shortly be settled by a little man "which his name is 'Bobs.'"

SOME FRENCH PAINTERS.*

LADY DILKE has long since earned the gratitude of those students of art who recognise in its development the influence played by France. The attitude of the State has in that country always been dominant, with the inevitable result of being sometimes favourable and sometimes detrimental. The eighteenth century, with which Lady Dilke is concerned in this volume, was the age of elegance and taste.

Lady Dilke's interesting story of the Royal Academy of France is told with delicate appreciation of the rivalries which eventually reduced it to impotence. This, however, is but introductory to the general purpose of the volume, which presumably forms part of the complete history of French art in its various branches, of which the author holds out the promise. Dealing first with the revolt against academic and historical painting, Lady Dilke shows how skilfully, even if unwittingly, the ground had been prepared for the new forces. Le Moine and De Troy were the path-finders for Boucher and Fragonard, who in their turn were the natural progenitors of Watteau, Pater, and Lancret, the painters of *Fêtes-Galantes*. Whether art, in its highest sense, was advancing under such auspices may be fairly questioned; but the influence of Rousseau's teaching had but slightly extended to painting, and the patrons of art were those to whom nature and truth appealed with little force.

It was the era of illusions in politics, literature, and art, and the painters reflected only the spirit of the times. Side by side with the illusionists, the sentimentalists, who acknowledged the influence of Rousseau, found expression in depicting familiar scenes, not as they really existed, but expressed in graceful groups or appealing figures. Chardin, Boudouin, and Greuze are the typical exponents of this school, and of these, as of those already named, Lady Dilke traces the career and shows the work, which makes this volume attractive alike by its letterpress and the illustrations with which it is copiously supplied. An interesting historical point is brought out by Lady Dilke which has been naturally obscured by French writers on the subject. Even in the days of the Grand Monarque and of his successor, when the glory and vanity of France were being trumpeted throughout the world, French artists owed as much to foreign patronage as to their fellow-countrymen.

Frederick the Great of Prussia was keenly appreciative of Watteau's talents, the Crown Prince of Sweden was a generous supporter of Chardin, and Peter the Great was desirous of carrying back Nattier to Russia. In addition to the categories of painters already named, the eighteenth century produced also its portraitists and its landscapists. Among the former were men like Rigaud, Largillière, Nattier, who, by great industry and amazing dexterity, reached a position of eminence, and have made us familiar with the personages who thronged the Audience Chambers of Versailles, Trianon, and the Tuileries. The landscapists, at first overshadowed by the influence of Watteau and his followers, who looked at Nature as if it were a stage-decoration, asserted themselves towards the end of the century, but even Vernet, Lantara, and Robert could not wholly emancipate themselves from the scenic element. The result is that, although often brilliantly treated, especially in the matter of atmosphere, their "classical" works leave us wholly unmoved.

It is to the careers of the men and women who made French art of the eighteenth century that Lady Dilke has devoted this charming volume, on which she has expended much labour and care. Her research among works too rare or too costly to fall into the hands of the general reader, her brilliant summaries of the labours of others, and, above all, her own fine appreciation of her subject, will give this book special importance in the eyes of students of French art. To the more general public, who admire books which show distinction in their type, and are attracted by admirable illustrations, the volume will appeal all the more readily as the pictures reproduced are not only of exceptional beauty, but have been taken from originals not within the reach of ordinary picture-lovers.

In a word, both by its form and its *fond* Lady Dilke's "French Painters of the Eighteenth Century" will take a prominent place among the art-histories of the day.

THE WOUNDED "TOMMY'S" ANGEL.

THERE'S lots o' things a fellow feels as can't be said outright,
Although he makes his mind up in the watches o' the night,
And so I guess I'll put it plainly down in black-and-white
That you have been an angel to me, Nurse.

I well remember even now how I was carried in—
A Mauser bullet in my side, a gash across my chin;
I didn't do much howlin', but, you bet, it hurt like sin
Until you came and stopped the achin', Nurse.

And when my wounds were throbbin' so I didn't care a rap
If Kruger's Johnnies came along and wiped me off the map,
A sudden something seemed to make me feel another chap,
For you were like a glimpse of Heaven, Nurse.

And, though you never gave a hint of what you thought or felt,
I see a little portrait once a-stickin' in your belt.
And guessed that you had someone fightin' there across the veldt—
God keep him safe and bring him to you, Nurse!

KEBLE HOWARD.

* "French Painters of the Eighteenth Century." By Lady Dilke. London: George Bell and Sons.



THE WOUNDED "TOMMY'S" ANGEL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LALLIE GARET-CHARLES, TITCHFIELD ROAD, N.W.

"DON JUAN'S LAST WAGER," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

From Photographs by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



Don Juan (Mr. Martin Harvey).

Don Luis Mejira (Mr. Herbert Sieath).

ACT I.—A PASSAGE OF ARMS AT THE SIGN OF THE LAUREL.



Don Gonzalo de Ulla (Mr. Holbrook Blinn).

ACT III.—DON JUAN DEFENDS HIMSELF FROM A DOUBLE ATTACK BY DON GONZALO AND DON LUIS.

"DON JUAN'S LAST WAGER," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

From Photographs by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



Don Juan.

ACT IV.—THE PROFLIGATE'S LAST FEAST.



ACT IV.—DON JUAN'S LAST DUEL.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

New Stories—and the Lives of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal.

MR. CROCKETT'S new story, "Little Anna Mark," which is to be published soon by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., will be known in America as "The Hill of Winds: A Tale of Scotland." Mr. Crockett's American publishers, the Doubleday McClure Company, thought that "Little Anna Mark" suggested a book for children.

It would seem that the prospects of Messrs. Harper and Brothers are very fair. A new corporation, with a capital of two million dollars, has taken over the business, and it is stated that all amounts due to authors and all royalties are to be paid in full as they become due. This is good news. As the publishing business in America is very prosperous, it may be hoped that the firm will gradually recover its old strength.

Mr. T. Edgar Pemberton confesses in the preface to his book on "The Kendals" (Pearson) that he was somewhat hampered by Mrs. Kendal's nervousness and dislike of publicity. "'Write my husband's Life if you desire,' she wrote to me, 'and only mention me as you would any other actress he has played with. His career should be written, and he does not mind it; only, ignore me as much as you possibly can. I prefer it.'" Mrs. Kendal is by no means ignored in the biography, but Mr. Pemberton has done his work with so much tact and skill that the most retiring of the public's favourites could find nothing to regret in his pages.

The wedding of William Hunter Grimston and Madge Robertson took place at St. Saviour's Church, Manchester, in August 1869. The name of Kendal was assumed as far back as 1861. It was suggested by Mr. Kendal's first manager as being happily like the famous theatrical name of Kemble. In the record of the young actor's provincial experiences we meet more than one delightful personage who might have sat for the portrait of Vincent Crummies. Mr. Pemberton tells us, by the way, that Crummies never seems to him quite flesh and blood until he hands to Nicholas Nickleby that scrap of paper from "Notices to Correspondents"—

PHILO DRAMATICUS.—Crummies, the country manager and actor, cannot be more than forty-three or forty-four years of age. Crummies is *not* a Prussian, having been born in Chelsea.

Similar gems of biography have often come in Mr. Pemberton's way, and the subjects were usually as well pleased as Mr. Crummies to find themselves famous.

Mr. Chamberlain figures largely in the Kendal biography, for he presided at the farewell banquet to the distinguished actor and actress on the eve of their departure for America in 1889. I confess I had quite forgotten this incident in Mr. Chamberlain's career, and his confession, in replying to the toast of his health, that he had written a comedy. "I do not believe," he remarked, "that there is anybody here who can say, as your chairman can proudly say, that he has written a comedy which had the honour of being submitted to the late Mr. Robson, and by him immediately rejected as totally unsuitable for his own or any other stage." Mr. Pemberton says Mr. Chamberlain once told him how, in his young days, he had earnestly hoped to be a successful dramatist, and had been disappointed as one by one his pieces were rejected. In his early Birmingham days he was an accomplished amateur actor, and used often to perform at the house of his friend, Mr. C. E. Mathews, one of the founders of the Alpine Club.

It was Mr. Chamberlain who, on the occasion of this banquet, presented to Mrs. Kendal a beautiful diamond star, enhancing the gift with a very courtly speech. Another of the speakers that evening was the present Lord Chief Justice.

The hard and exacting conditions of an actress's life are well illustrated by a story told about Mrs. Kendal in the States. She and her husband were playing in Philadelphia—

The house was crowded. She was ready dressed for her part, and the curtain was about to go up, when she asked her maid to give her a glass of a tonic she was taking. Hastily she put it to her lips, and then, to her horror, realised that the wrong phial had been used, and that she had swallowed poison. Quickly, and with characteristic presence of mind, she took the remedies that occurred to her, sent for a doctor, and, in the hope that she had not taken enough to prove fatal, determined to go on with her part. And so, in intense agony, and with a mouth that seemed full of flame, she went on the stage. . . . For three weeks she spent her days in bed and her evenings on the stage, and her doctors declared that if she had swallowed a few drops more her life would not have been worth an hour's purchase.

Among the many pleasant stories that are appearing for the early spring season, Sarah Tytler's new book, "Logan's Loyalty" (John Long), deserves a word of praise. I cannot congratulate the author on the priggish, pragmatical Scotch hero, Sandy Hunter, a farmer who marries the laird's daughter, deserts her from the noblest motives, fights at Waterloo, and when his wife seeks him out in hospital rewards her devotion with a plain hint that he is tired of her. This odious monster (whom Miss Tytler sets before us as a paragon of virtue) makes the most of his sufferings, and observes to his wife, "If so be that the end is at hand, it will be a satisfaction to a woman of your mould to be able to tell yourself before your Maker that you stood by me to the last." From scenes like this old Scotia's grandeur does not spring. But the book is thoroughly entertaining, and the wife, Logan Macdonell, is one of Miss Tytler's best characters.

THE WARNERS: AN APPRECIATION.

Charles Warner—How He Became an Actor—His First "Hit"—Some New Stories about Him—"Drink"—Australia Visited—Miss Grace Warner and Her Parts—Young Harry Warner.

THERE is, perhaps, no actor who is so popular generally as Charles Warner. He is received in affectionate and endearing terms by both pit and gallery, who are unanimous in declaring him a "fair korfdrop." Nor is there an actor whose versatility is more marked. All his life long he has been an actor. He ran away from home almost directly after he left Westbury College, and joined a company of provincial players, having to submit to the drudgery and vicissitudes that usually fall to the lot—and did especially in those days—of the provincial actor. His parents had intended him to become an architect, but the T-square and compasses had no charm for him, and the next few years found him playing an infinite variety of parts, from kings in tragedy to the unfortunate gentleman in a harlequinade.

On Whit-Monday, 1879, the ever-memorable "Drink" was played. All the world has read of, whilst a large part has seen, Mr. Warner's *tour de force* as Coupeau. The greatest critics, actors, and authors have, without hesitation, pronounced this performance to be the most remarkable ever presented on the stage. Sarah Bernhardt, Coquelin, Hermann Vezin, Henry Byron, Charles Reade, and other men of mark vied with each other in lavishing compliments on the now famous young actor. Charles Reade, indeed, presented Mr. Warner with an antique loving-cup bearing the following inscription: "Me Carolus Caroli Frater in arte dedit." On the base of the cup was, "To Charles Warner, in memory of his Jean Coupeau and Tom Robinson, and how I profited by his tenderness, his passion, and his great art of keeping the stage alive and his audience fixed, in which he yields to no living actor, this loving-cup is presented by Charles Reade, 1879."

After this celebrated performance, Mrs. Bateman secured his services for a round of Shaksperian performances at Sadler's Wells. The season at the Northern playhouse was followed by a five-years' engagement at the Adelphi, after which came his celebrated Australian tour. "It was intended to last but sixteen weeks," he says, "but the Australians would not let me go until I had stayed there for two years and nine months. By this you may gauge how I got on."

One striking episode took place during this tour which made a most profound impression on all who witnessed it. A celebrated opera-singer died suddenly on the stage whilst in the midst of one of his solos. His funeral was attended by an enormous number, amongst them being Mr. Charles Warner, who occupied a place near the grave and by the side of the officiating minister. By an extraordinary coincidence, scarcely had the service commenced when the clergyman reeled and fainted—he died the next day. For a moment or two there was some confusion, and then there came a hurried whispered request that Mr. Warner would read the office. After a moment's hesitation, he consented. It may be safely asserted that never has the incomparable Burial Service been rendered more impressively than it was on this occasion by the creator of Coupeau.

Miss Grace Warner, or, as she is in private life, Mrs. Franklyn McLeay, the wife of the clever actor now playing Quince at Her Majesty's, has for her age as great a repertoire as any actress on the stage. Her first appearance was at Drury Lane, in the Balcony Scene in "Romeo and Juliet," her father playing Romeo, and in this the youthful actress—she was only fourteen—made so pronounced a success that, when Mr. Warner went on his Australian tour, he took his daughter with him, giving her, at first, small parts, in order that she might gain experience.

When the leading lady left, Miss Warner stepped into her shoes, and thus, whilst in her teens, played Sophia in "The Road to Ruin," Desdemona, Ophelia, and Portia, Pauline in "The Lady of Lyons," Lady Teazle, Galatea, and a whole host of characters.

She confesses she likes boys' parts, of which she has played at least two, Joseph in "It's Never Too Late to Mend," and a Rosalind kind of part in "Dare-devil Max," produced a short time since by Mr. Murray Carson.

As for Harry Warner, the face of nature was changed for him only a few months ago. He was in the City, but he loved it not. Within him was the talent that he had inherited from his father, refusing to be buried beneath ledgers or to be quenched by the water in the copying-well. Elevate himself, as did the future "Absent-minded Beggar," daily on the top of the tallest of stools, yet higher and higher rose the yearning for the triumphs of the stage, whilst lower and lower sank his heart as he contemplated the prospect of a life spent in the City.

His father noticed him one day, and asked the cause of his depression. The son told him. "Very well," was the answer, "then leave the City." Warner the younger's first appearance was as the Rev. Mr. Eden, in "It's Never Too Late to Mend," whilst later he understudied his father in the part of D'Artagnan in "The Three Musketeers." His next appearance was in "The Rebels," in which, in spite of the fact that many of those with whom he was playing had had much more experience, yet his was the most marked success. Mr. H. B. Warner's performance at the Princess's in "The Absent-Minded Beggar" is so fresh in the minds of everyone that it needs little more than an allusion. The intensity of his acting and his superb delivery of the two great prose-poems in the piece, the apostrophe to the Union Jack, and the vivid description of the escape from the Boers over the veldt and through the thunderstorm, placed him in one stride at the front of his profession.

THE CLEVER WARNER FAMILY.



MR. CHARLES WARNER AS JACK FERRARS IN
"HOW LONDON LIVES."

Photo by the Artistic Photo Company, Oxford Street, W.



MR. CHARLES WARNER AS D'ARTAGNAN IN
"THE THREE MUSKETEERS."

Photo by Hembry, Belfast.



MISS GRACE WARNER (MRS FRANKLIN McLEAY).

Photo by Turner and Drinkwater, Hull.



MR. CHARLES WARNER, JUN., AS HERO OF "THE ABSENT-MINDED BEGGAR."

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

THE SAD DESTRUCTION OF THE THÉÂTRE-FRANÇAIS.

Description of the Fire—The Cost of Repair—History of the Theatre—Mounet-Sully and his Position in Stage Art.

ON the 8th of this month, in the most frequented part of Paris, in broad daylight, the Théâtre-Français was destroyed by fire. Near midday the theatre had its ordinarily quiet aspect. The usual line had begun to form outside, waiting for the doors to open; the auditorium inside was still swathed in its dust-cloths, while, four flights above, some artists—Mdlle. Dudlay, Mdlle. Henriot, M. Albert Lambert—were dressing for the afternoon performance, and neither the patient waiters outside nor the artists busy with their "make-up" inside dreamed that they were edging a pit of fire. It was the dawdlers on the opposite side of the square who were first aware of a column of smoke shooting with violence towards the sky. Almost immediately afterwards, above the roof of the theatre appeared a crown of flames.

The people gather, the engines come, and still the walls of the theatre remain impassable; the artists inside are still busy with their "make-up." Suddenly a window of the third storey opens, and Mdlle. Dudlay appears, calling for help, and is saved by the firemen, who let her down by a cord. All are saved but one, Mdlle. Henriot, who, flying across the corridors, loses her way, and is found a little later, her pet dog beside her, asphyxiated, the sole victim of the catastrophe. The youngest member of the troupe, Mdlle. Henriot had left the Conservatoire only two years ago, and was but making her first essays. An hour later, the celebrated spot where so many glories have passed and where so many emotions have been evoked was a chaos without form and open to the sky. The walls remain intact, and, but for a broken window here and there, the passer-by could imagine that the artists were within, still making-up, and that the ticket-office would open on the stroke of the hour.

Thanks to the time of day and to the goodwill of citizens, nearly all the art-treasures and a great part of the historic records were saved. The theatre was not only a playhouse, but a veritable museum of masterpieces and of archives covering a period of two hundred years. There were pictures by Nattier, Largillière, Van Loo, Delacroix; and there was sculpture by David d'Angers, Clesinger, Carpeaux, and, in particular, there was the "Voltaire" by Houdin, one of the marvels of French art. This last, too heavy to be moved, remains intact, looking upon the destruction around him with his ironic smile. The theatre will be rebuilt in the same place, exactly as it was at all points, except for improved stage-mechanism borrowed from English and American theatres. It is hoped to get it done in four months, and it is expected that the cost will be between two and three million francs.

The Society of the Comédie-Française dates from 1680, when Louis XIV. united the three then existing theatres, and forbade any

stayed there for eighty years. When this house fell in ruins, the society went to the Tuileries, where they stayed twelve years, when they built a monumental theatre where the Odéon now stands. This was in 1782.

The Revolution caused a split in the Society, and, as liberty had been proclaimed for all theatres, the "Revolutionists" left and inaugurated a new theatre close to the Palais-Royal. Napoleon reconstituted this section of the Comédie-Française, under the title of "Théâtre-Français of the Republic." That is the Society which exists still to-day, and this explains the double title of the theatre.

The Society of the Comédie-Française, ruled by a chart fixed by Napoleon and called the "Decree of Moscow," is administered by a committee chosen from among its own members, under the chairmanship of a Government agent called the Administrator-General, a position held to-day by M. Jules Claretie. Considered as a national institution, it receives from the State an annual subsidy of 240,000 francs. Thanks to its particular organisation, its methods of recruitment, and the support of the Government, it remains the first theatre not only in France, but in the world. For two centuries succeeding generations of artists of a superior order have upheld the heritage of their predecessors, and maintained a pure, classic tradition, though not to the exclusion of living talent.

Never more prosperous than to-day, its annual receipts are some two million francs. The yearly amount divided among the twenty-eight actors and actresses who form the Society is 800,000 francs. Besides this, the theatre pays to twenty-six artists, non-members, 170,000 francs in salaries, and in pensions to retired members it pays annually 107,000 francs.

Mounet-Sully is, perhaps, of all the members to-day, the best-known abroad, for the reason that he is practically the only male tragedian in France. The rule subordinating personality to art, which necessarily prevails on the stage of the Comédie, is calculated to drive away all geniuses who are rebel to such laws, and it is thus that the most celebrated child of the Comédie in our days, Sarah Bernhardt, early took to her wings, and that Coquelin has flown. There is no room for individual glory in this combination, where the motto is "Art for art's sake." Nevertheless, Mounet-Sully's place is marked, since stage art in France belongs particularly

to the women, and he could scarcely be replaced. He excels especially in the classic drama, and Oedipus is one of his favourite parts. He has also created a Hamlet. He is the senior member, or "doyen," of the Society. Next him in importance is Gustave Worms, who sustains the modern dramatic rôles; then Coquelin cadet, brother of the better-known comedian, who plays the répertoire sustaining the comic rôles.

Madame Baretta-Worms is the senior female member. The other

1680 | COMÉDIE-FRANÇAISE | 1900

Aujourd'hui Jeudi 8 mars
QUINZAINES CLASSIQUES
Deuxième quinzaine (billets roses)
MATINÉE
Les bureaux ouvriront à 12 h. 1/2.
On commencera à 1 heure

BAJAZET
Tragédie en CINQ actes, de RACINE
MM. SILVAIN, Acomat
Albert LAMBERT fils, Bajazet
VILLAIN, Osmin
M^{me} Adeline DUDLAY, Roxane
Renée du MINIL, Atalide
Jane HENRIOT, Zaire.—DELVAIR, Zatime

LE DÉPUTÉ
DE
BOMBIGNAC
Comédie en TROIS actes, en prose, de M. Alexandre BISSON
MM. COQUELIN cadet, Pinteau
de FÉRAUDY, de Chantelaur
Pierre LAUGIER, des Vergettes
FALCONNIER, un Domestique
Louis DELAUNAY, de Morard
M^{me} MULLER, Renée
Renée du MINIL, Hélène
FAYOLLE, la marquise de Cernois
LYNNES, Julie

ORDRE : Bajazet. — Le député de Bombignac
Le Bureau de location est ouvert de 11 heures
du matin à 6 heures du soir.

Facsimile of the Play-bill (Reduced).



MDLLE. BARETTA,
OF THE THÉÂTRE-FRANÇAIS.

Photo by Canus, Paris.



MDLLE. RENÉE DU MINIL, WHO WAS
TO PLAY ATALIDE IN "BAJAZET."

Photo by Ogeran, Paris.



MDLLE. LARA,
OF THE THÉÂTRE-FRANÇAIS.

Photo by Alcide Allery, Paris.

other French comedians to give representations without special permission. This Society took then with reason the comprehensive title of "Comédie-Française." Its first playhouse was on the left bank of the Seine, near the old church of St. Germain des Prés, and the Society

principal actresses are Mesdames Bartet, Dudlay, Pierson, Muller, and du Minil, playing the classic répertoire, all artists of talent, all upholding worthily the traditions which for two centuries have made so famous the "House of Molière"—soon to rise again, happily.

THE SAD DESTRUCTION OF THE THÉÂTRE-FRANÇAIS.



MDLLE. HENRIOT, THE VICTIM OF THE FIRE, WHO WAS TO PLAY THE PART OF ZAÏRE IN "BAJAZET" AT THE MATINÉE ON MARCH 8.

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.



MDLLE. ADELINÉ DUDLAY, WHO WAS TO PLAY THE PART OF ROXANE IN "BAJAZET" AT THE MATINÉE ON MARCH 8.

Photo by Camus, Paris.



THE THÉÂTRE-FRANÇAIS, DESTROYED BY FIRE JUST BEFORE THE MATINÉE FIXED FOR MARCH 8.

SOME OF THE PRINCIPALS IN "FLORODORA," AT THE LYRIC.



MR. WILLIE EDOUIN AS ANTHONY TWEEDLEPUNCH.
Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



MISS EVIE GREENE AS DOLORES.
Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



ANTHONY TWEEDLEPUNCH AND CYRUS GILFAIN (MR. C. E. STEPHENS).
Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



MISS MACINTYRE, WHO EXECUTES A DAINTY PAS SEUL.
Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

SOME OF THE PRINCIPALS IN "FLORODORA," AT THE LYRIC.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



Miss Kate Cutler as Angela Gilfain.

Mr. Edgar Stevens as Captain Donegal.

THE DAINTY GALLOPING DUET.



Mr. Edgar Stevens
as Captain Donegal.

Mr. Frank Holt
as Leandro.

Miss Kate Cutler
as Angela Gilfain.

Mr. Willie Edouin
as Anthony Tweedlepunch.

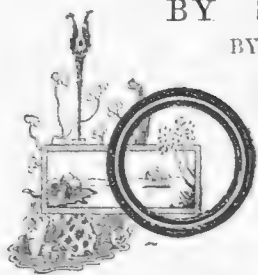
Mr. Charles E. Stephens
as Cyrus Gilfain.

Miss Pattie Brown
as Lady Holyrood.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

BY SPECIAL LICENCE.

BY KATHARINE SYLVESTER.



VER the fields and scattered cottage-gardens a great sunshiny stillness hung. On the high-road that led to the village there was no sound of cart-wheels, and even the four-o'clock train forbore, as it rushed through the little station on the hill, to shriek out its customary announcement of the passage of civilisation.

Up the wooded lane which ran parallel with the high-road came the figure of a woman bearing a carpet-bag. She wore a queer brown hat, tied round with a blue veil, and a dress of green-tartan plaid, and she walked with precision, turning out her square-toed, high-heeled shoes. The hedges of the lane were massed with a mysterious summer crowd of "lithe green things," from which came a sound of low chirping and humming. The sunbeams filtered through elms overhead, dappling the carpet of last year's leaves with patches of pale gold. But she heeded none of these things, marching on, with her eyes in front of her, till she reached a turning in the lane which brought her face to face with a little red-brick house. It stood above the lane, with a garden all round it, and the woman stepped back and took a critical survey. An expression of satisfaction came into her face, and, mounting the steps cut into the hedge, she pushed open the gate without ringing the bell. A dog came out of its kennel and barked at her, but she took no notice of his remonstrance, and made her way down a path bordered by cabbages and feathery asparagus to the flower-garden in front of the house.

Miss Julia stood on the lawn which faced the high-road, drawing on her gardening-gloves, and golden-haired, blue-eyed Elsie, her niece, had just emerged from the shed with the basket of gardening-tools. They gave twin starts of surprise at the unannounced presence of the stranger.

"Ah, you are surprised! You do not know me! But it is all right, and we shall soon be friends. You have a room to let?"

She spoke with a foreign accent, and, setting down her carpet-bag on the lawn, began wiping her face with her handkerchief.

"Then you have seen my advertisement in the paper?" Miss Julia's tone was a little frigid. This foreign woman in the outlandish hat did not appeal to her fancy as a possible inmate of her household.

The stranger nodded her head.

"Yes, I came at once to see. And now I think to stay. I am Helene Breitmeyer, and I teach every day piano in the big school at Hendon. And there are other pupils besides not far off. When I read in my paper this morning about your room, I said to myself, 'That is better than London lodgings. I can eat fresh eggs and vegetables, and when Rudolph comes I will pluck him a salad out of the garden.' You do not mind that Rudolph comes? He is my betrothed, and one day we shall be married. And now I will see the room."

If Miss Julia had acted on her first impulse, she would have interrupted this monologue and excused herself from accepting the stranger as lodger. The free-and-easy manner of the woman, and the way she took her own desirability for granted, stirred her antagonism. In fact, the woman's whole personality repelled her beyond measure, and she dared not look at her niece for fear of meeting in her face a reflection of her own state of mind. For she remembered that quarter-day was not far off, and that Elsie's illness in the spring had intrenched on the money set aside to meet its demands. So she swallowed her repugnance, and led the woman, who had caught up her bag, through the flower-scented passage and up the staircase into the little white spare-bedroom. Here the open French-windows revealed a glorious page from Nature's picture-book, a wide, peaceful landscape of meadow and distant hill.

Helene Breitmeyer walked straight to the window and shut it. Then she put down the carpet-bag and turned round to Miss Julia, standing in the doorway, with folded hands and pursed lips.

"Yes, this will do. Now, about terms. I think you ask too much money. But you will take less? I am away nearly all day but Sunday; and Rudolph, you cannot see what he eats!"

Miss Julia murmured something about references.

"Ah yes, of course! I had forgotten. You can ask about me at the school. And here is money for a month. You agree that it is settled? Now, I will take off my hat, and you shall show me your parlour and your piano."

Miss Julia's antipathy had risen with every word the stranger spoke. Yet, somehow, her power of resistance seemed paralysed, and she took the offered sovereigns. She stood watching while her new lodger laid on the bed the hat and blue veil, with a hateful air of being in possession, and then, walking up to the looking-glass, patted and pulled the fat roll of reddish hair that framed a curious, pale face with heavy white eyelids.

"Now we are ready," she said, and Miss Julia obediently led the way to her little drawing-room, whose sweetness and repose seemed suddenly shattered by the unwelcome presence. Helene at once seated herself at the cottage-piano, and began to play noisily and brilliantly, nodding her head and swaying her body. Then she broke off abruptly in the middle of a bar.

"It is not a bad instrument. But you should not stand it in this corner. To-morrow I will shift it for you. May we now have tea? It is a long walk from the station, and I am hungry and thirsty."

And so she stayed, and Elsie cried all night with vexation at herself for having had that illness in the spring.

The next evening the stranger's box arrived by the carrier—a great, foreign ark of a thing, which took out a piece of the wall on the course of its upward carriage to the bedroom. Helene bustled upstairs to unpack it, and presently a queer scent as of almond-essence, henceforth to be associated with the hateful new order of things, crept from the spare-room and diffused itself over the house, drowning its own sweet native breath of lavender and roses.

On the first Sunday, Helene reappeared soon after breakfast in a feathered bonnet and black lace mantle. In her hand she held a jointed parasol with a deep fringe.

"I'll go to the station to meet Rudolph," she announced. "When we come back, I shall mix the salad for dinner. You do not mind? I dress it with much oil; and sugar, just a little. It is so he loves it. After dinner, we go in the woods for a walk, Rudolph and I. It shall be a lover's tale!"

And she passed out of the gate nodding and smiling.

"What will Rudolph be like?" questioned Elsie, as the figure of Helene disappeared down the lane.

"My mind is a blank on the subject," replied Miss Julia, shaking her head. "But whoever he is, let us pray for Heaven to help him!"

When they both came back from church, they found Helene sitting in the garden with a French novel, but nowhere about was there any sign of a male presence.

"No, he has not come to-day," she said, in reply to their questioning look. "I do not know why he has not come. But next Sunday he will be here!" She spoke with quiet conviction, and there was an unpleasant light in her grey-green eyes. But voice and manner were free from any trace of disappointment or vexation. Nor did any sentimental association with the salad prevent her at dinner-time from consuming somewhat noisily a very large share of it. The rest of the afternoon she spent in the hammock with the French novel, appearing again at afternoon-tea with a fine appetite for plum-cake. Both aunt and niece came to the conclusion that the little impulse of pity of which they had been conscious on discovering her forlorn condition had been wasted on this very philosophic Mariana.

The next Sunday he came.

Before he had passed through the garden-gate, Miss Julia, standing in the porch, realised that her instinct with regard to the mutual attitude of the couple had been a true one. He was a tall, pale youth, with longish black hair, and the arm held by his betrothed hung limply at his side. In his disengaged hand he held a violin-case. (That, then, had been the point of contact, thought Miss Julia to herself.) He appeared at least five years her junior, and the look in his eyes was that of a frightened animal that has been caught and trapped.

At dinner he spoke little, replying in monosyllables to the blandishments of his betrothed. His restless eye shot glances in every direction save in that of the red-haired woman by his side, who touched him softly now and again on the sleeve with thick white fingers.

"They could not sit at meals but feel how well it soothed each to be the other by," quoted Miss Julia to herself in bitter irony. She was for the emancipation of her sex in matters social as well as political, but the application of her principles in this instance filled her with nothing but disgust.

Dinner over, they followed one another into the little drawing-room, now steeped in afternoon sunshine. Helene at once took possession of the sofa, and lay back with closed eyes. Rudolph seated himself near the door, and watched Elsie as she came and went about the room, every movement suggestive of the free dignity of her English girlhood.

Then he rose and, without a word, took his violin from its case, and stood up and played. Helene still lay with closed eyes and gave no sign. Miss Julia and Elsie sat with folded hands and listened.

First, he bent low over his violin, his black hair touching it, and drew from it a melody with long, plaintive notes that touched the heart like a child's cry.

Then came another movement—louder, fiercer; the player raised his head and looked about as he played with wild eyes. The two women became filled with a vague distress. Still on and on he played, and the room seemed filled with wailing and groaning. Then suddenly the music ended in a kind of shriek—the inarticulate cry of a soul in pain! The younger woman rose from her seat, white and shuddering. Here was sorrow unspeakable, yet she might not hold out a hand!

The musician—he was only a clerk in an office who on Sundays played the fiddle for his pleasure—quietly put the instrument back into its case. The red-haired woman on the sofa sat up and rubbed her eyes. "That was well played, Rudolph. But you must practise—practise! Now, I go to put on my hat, and we will walk in the fields till it is time for you to go."

Rudolph muttered an assent, and stepped through the window on to the lawn.

Elsie followed him, her face full of a yearning pity. "Will you come and look at my roses?"

The young man turned at the sound of the sweet voice, and they



H. COWHAM

"Oh, Master Jack! whatever are you doing with that nice khaki doll yer ma gave yer?"
"He's 'going South,' Nurse!"

walked together to the south corner where the roses grew. Here for a moment they stood shoulder to shoulder, while Elsie pointed out their beauties.

"Will Mademoiselle perhaps give me one of her roses?"

Elsie at once drew out a pocket-knife and cut off a half-blown blossom. She looked up into his face as she gave it to him, but her eyes fell before his, from which the scared expression had wholly fled, giving place to one of an entirely different nature.

"Ah, you are here, Rudolph! I am ready, as you see. Miss Elsie has given you one of her cherished roses! That is indeed a favour! Come here; I will put it for you in your coat."

Rudolph slouched forward and submitted to the process of adornment. But the hunted look had returned to his face. He was again the limpest and most dejected of swains. Elsie hurried off to join her aunt in the drawing-room; Helene's eyes had held a cat-like gleam as they met hers. She felt frightened, and as though she had done something wrong.

"Oh, Aunt Julia, isn't it too dreadful?" she whispered as the shutting of the garden-gate announced the departure of the pair. "It's like the legend of the Lorelei. Can no one help him?"

Rudolph's visit to his betrothed was only once again repeated, and served to deepen the impression already made on the two women.

"It is impossible that he can go through with it," said Elsie. "And she must see how he feels towards her. No woman who was not a monster would stick to such a bargain."

"I am afraid she is one who *will* stick to her bargains," replied Miss Julia. "There is no hope for him. He will certainly do as she bids him." But, nevertheless, both felt relief on his account when Helene informed them in the course of conversation that he was to spend a fortnight's leave of absence from the office with his mother at Bonn on the Rhine.

"She will never allow the marriage to take place," said Elsie to her aunt in the confidence of their joint bed-chamber, "if she has to come over herself from Germany and forbid the banns!" But it did take place, nevertheless, and sooner than they had expected.

A day or two after Rudolph's departure, Helene announced her intention of going up to town for a short time on business. She said the words with peculiar emphasis, and her eye held mischief.

But the announcement filled Miss Julia and Elsie with a delight that left them oblivious of any other consideration. To be whole days and nights free from the red-haired presence!

Miss Julia cut sandwiches with her own hands for her lodger's sustenance during the short journey to town, and Elsie walked with her to the station to help carry the bags and parcels. She waited to see the train bear safely off the brown-hatted, blue-veiled figure that kissed its hand to her from the window, and then she came home, running all the way. Meeting her aunt in the garden, she caught her by the shoulders and gave her a series of delighted hugs.

"Now we are going to be happy!" she cried, and ran up the stairs to lock the door of Helene's bedroom.

She reappeared the next minute holding up the key. "What would I give to be allowed to throw it into the well!" she laughed, and Aunt Julia's answering smile of delight altogether got the better of the frown she had tried to assume for disciplinary purposes.

The days passed, and there came no word of their lodger. "Can she have followed Rudolph to the Fatherland," suggested Elsie, "or is she surveying fresh hunting-grounds in case he escapes her clutches?"

"Have I not often told you she is one of those who never let go?" said Miss Julia.

About three weeks after Helene's departure, Elsie, coming down late for breakfast, found her aunt holding before her at arm's-length a silver-edged card upon which she was gazing with an indescribable expression.

The card bore the inscription "Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Mueller," and in the corner was the name "Helene Breitmeyer," with an arrow archly transfixing the latter word.

By way of response to Elsie's cry of astonishment, Miss Julia handed her a letter that had been enclosed with the card.

This was the letter—

DEAR MISS JULIA,—Here is the money I owe you. To-morrow I send for my boxes. I am sorry to leave you and your pretty home, but I am married now and have my own home. Ah! it is beautiful—a marriage between people who love one another! I am sure you are surprised. Rudolph, too, was surprised. He had never dreamt to be able to marry so soon. But love will find out a way. I hope one day you will come and visit us in our home, you and pretty Miss Elsie. Will she send me a cutting of her favourite rose-tree? Our house has a garden, and Rudolph loves roses. Ah, it is with us still Eden! But come quickly for yourselves and see—

Here Elsie threw the letter on the table with a gesture of disgust.

"Aunt Julia, what can it mean? She must have brought him handcuffed to the altar, or hypnotised him into marriage. He would never have done it of his own free-will. It's a clear case of undue influence, and somebody ought to interfere. As for going to see them, I should feel that I was compounding a felony."

But, in spite of this decided expression of opinion, she hustled her aunt one afternoon into her garments of state, and sent her up to town to pay a visit to her former lodger.

The familiar perfume of almonds that greeted Miss Julia's nostrils before almost the door of the gimerack little villa was opened reassured her as to her not having mistaken the number. She was shown into a stuffy little drawing-room, where Helene, in a dress of shiny crimson

cloth, sat knitting and at the same time reading a French novel. She appeared glad to receive Miss Julia, and regretted that Elsie had not accompanied her. She immediately proposed to show her guest over her house, and they started on a tour of inspection forthwith. Poor Miss Julia, with her kindness and her Puritanical views about telling the truth, was sorely put to it in the matter of appropriate comment. Everything in the house was just as ugly as it well could be in an age that is undoubtedly progressive in the matter of furniture. But Helene exhibited all her possessions with the greatest complacency, from the copies of Kaulbach's pictures in the drawing-room to the watering-hose stored away in the tool-shed outside the house.

"Ah yes, I have thought of everything!" she remarked, as, redolent of triumph, she followed her guest back into the drawing-room. No doubt, she attributed the latter's want of enthusiasm to depression caused by the thought of her own inferior household arrangements. During their absence, one of the numerous little plush tables had been set out with coffee in cups and a plate of rich cream-cakes, of which Miss Julia was in duty bound to partake, though she would have given something to be able to exchange both for a cup of tea and a wholesome slice of bread-and-butter. While they were still in the middle of their feast, they heard a key turn in the street-door. Helene wiped the sugar off her lips, and archly held up a fat white finger.

"Here is my husband!" she said, and nodded and smiled at her guest, who felt suddenly hot and miserable.

Immediately the drawing-room door was opened and Rudolph appeared. He stopped short on seeing Miss Julia, and turned a dull red, then made a slouching step forward and shook hands without looking at her. He dropped into the nearest chair, and, without a word or a glance at his wife, who was covering him with her sweetest smiles, he reached out his hand for a cup of coffee, which he swallowed hastily in great gulps. Then he turned to Helene. The scared look had gone from his face, but had left in its place an expression of surly defiance.

"Has any letter come for me?"

"Yes, *liebes Herz!* They want you to go three evenings next week to the orchestral practice. Of course, it is absurd, and you will refuse. The effrontery of some people! Ah, Miss Julia! It is well he has someone to protect him. They are all after him for his fiddling, and would work him to death!"

Rudolph jumped up suddenly, and, muttering something angrily in German, which Miss Julia gathered concerned the opening of his letters, left the room. A moment later the street-door was slammed-to in a fashion to set the crazy little house all of a tremble. Helene shook her head and took another cake.

"Ah, the gentlemen!" she sighed; "they have their little tempers, and need management and tact—above all, *tact!* Without it we wives were slaves; with it we are their masters." Then, with a sudden change of manner, she put her hand confidentially on her guest's knee.

"Tell me, Miss Julia, you and Miss Elsie wondered much when you heard that Rudolph and I were married? Perhaps, even, you had said to one another, 'That is a betrothal that will end in no marriage.' It was so that my Rudolph himself had thought when his mother told him this summer that she could spare him nothing from her store to add to his income. He wrote me this from his mother's house at Bonn on the Rhine, and offered to release me from so hopeless an engagement. Poor fellow! It was a letter of tears! I wept for him even as I triumphed over my secret that was to bring joy to us both. The secret was that nest-egg at the bank, of which I had never said a word. I do not answer his poor letter, but I go to the office, and find out the day he is to return. Then every day I look and look for a little house, until at last I find one—a dove-cote, a paradise with a garden and roses. I sign the lease, pay rent for one quarter, and go to buy furniture in the Tottenham Court Road. I can scarcely wait till the day he is to come back. Early in the morning I go to the station and meet the train. You should have seen his face when he discovers me there waiting for him on the platform! He begins at once talking fast and loud about his poverty, and the uselessness of waiting, and all that. But I answer little, and call a cab, and help him with his rugs and books. Then I jump in beside him, and now comes my high festival. I tell him of the nest-egg, of the house and the garden. Next I show him the paper I have brought with me—the magic paper that is to turn our night into morning. He expostulates no more; he cannot speak for wonder and emotion; and so it is all settled between us. And the next day we are married, and come straight home to love among the roses. Is it not a beautiful story? We have our little quarrels, our ups-and-downs—love's see-saw—and sometimes he goes out and slams the door; but he always comes back, he always comes back!" And she smiled complacently at Miss Julia, who had sat listening, upright and open-mouthed, her expression acquiring greater definiteness as the story approached its climax. Now, she almost jumped from her chair, and extended her hand in gingerly fashion. Her one desire was to get away—away from the stuffy, hideous room, with its sickening odour of almond-essence, away from the dreadful woman with the red hair and heavy white eyelids, back to the wholesome, sweet atmosphere of home and Elsie.

"You will come again to see me, Miss Julia; not so? And next time you will bring with you pretty Miss Elsie. And both of you shall stay to supper, and we will make music for you, Rudolph and I. Ah! it will be like the old time."

Miss Julia muttered something which she hoped might be taken for a civil acknowledgment, and, mentally shaking the dust from her feet, passed out at the street-door and hurried down the road at the top of her speed,

THEATRE GOSSIP.

MR. BENSON, having given Shakspeare-lovers a chance to see "Richard the Second," which had not been performed in regular fashion since Charles Kean's time at the Princess's, forty-odd years ago, is now busily preparing another play, which has lain on the theatrical shelf for about the same time. This is "Pericles,



"BONNIE DUNDEE," AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE.
Drawn by Gordon Craig.

Prince of Tyre," which was last submitted to Londoners at Sadler's Wells, in the wonderful Phelps series. This play, which, if not entirely, was at least partly written by Sweet Will, is not, however, to be given by Benson in London, but in the bard's birthplace, on the bard's birthday, April 23.

The revival of "Richard the Second" is the most interesting venture of the Benson Company. The long-neglected drama is infinitely more effective than most students had expected, and, though the play has few thrilling moments, it is interesting and dramatic throughout, and in the study of Richard of Bordeaux's character—admirably presented by Mr. Benson—shows very richly the amazing ability of the great author. Now that one sees the play, wonder comes that it has been allowed to sleep so long untouched. "Richard the Second" is so mounted as to present many strange and picturesque studies of mediæval life, particularly in the scene of the interrupted wager of battle, full of quaint formalities. An excellent performance was given, noteworthy for the acting of Miss Lily Brayton as Queen, and that of Messrs. Alfred Brydone, Oscar Asche, Asheton Tongue, and G. R. Weir. Mr. Rodney, whose valuable work in other plays has won warm praise, was rather disappointing as the Bolingbroke.

Mr. Benson will, however, give a few performances at the Lyceum of another long-neglected play, namely, "Coriolanus," which, if my memory does not deceive me, was last seen in London at the aforesaid Sadler's Wells some thirty years ago, when it was played by Mr. W. H. Pennington, the Balaklava Charge warrior, who was subsequently known as "Mr. Gladstone's pet tragedian." Time indeed works strange changes in the theatrical as well as in the general world. The historic Sadler's Wells is now a two-houses-per-night variety-show, at prices ranging from twopence to sixpence, and Mr. Pennington, who has played all the playable Shakspeare characters—and played many of them admirably, especially Hamlet and King Lear—is, at the moment of writing, reciting in the East-End music-halls!

Perhaps I might here be permitted to divulge a matter which has hitherto been kept secret, namely, that Mr. H. Chance Newton has long been engaged (on and off) upon a drama dealing with sundry episodes in the life of the Bard Burns. This drama will not touch on any of the points in Burns's life used by the late Mr. W. G. Wills for his

Burns-like hero, James Harebell, in that touching play, "The Man o' Airlie," in which Mr. Hermann Vezin was wont to act so splendidly.

The Savoy's latest success, "The Rose of Persia," made its first appearance in the suburbs last Monday, the 19th inst., at the New Ealing Theatre, and the hereinbefore-mentioned latest Lyric success, "Florodora," made its suburban début on the same date at the Brixton Theatre.

Among the new melodramas soon to be expected in London are: (1) Mr. George R. Sims's adaptation of Decourcelle's latest Parisian success, "A Perpète" (to be produced by the busy firm of Hardie, Von Leer, and Gordyn); (2) "For the Term of His Natural Life," as adapted by Mr. George Leitch from Marcus Clarke's great but gloomy novel (to be tried at the Princess's); and (3) "A Little Vagrant," a said-to-be intensely powerful four-act drama, which was tested last Monday, the 19th inst., at the Grand Theatre, Boscrobe, where the sunbeams linger.

"The Night Owls" is the musical play now selected by Mr. George Lederer for starting his season at the Shaftesbury about a week before Easter. The American favourites who will return to London in order to play in this piece include Mr. J. E. Sullivan ("the Polite Lunatic"), Mr. Harry Davenport, and Miss Phyllis Rankin. Miss Mabel Gillman, a *belle Américaine* of whom report speaks highly, will take the place of sweet Edna May, who has been wisely snapped up by Mr. Tom B. Davis, of the Lyric.

Mr. George Edwardes is now busy preparing another production, which will form his third theatrical venture running concurrently in London. His latest is the long-promised adaptation of "Les Fétards," which he hopes to produce at the Vaudeville the Saturday after Easter. Mr. Edwardes will be responsible for all matters concerned with the stage, and the Messrs. Gatti only with those connected with the front of the house.

"Tess," which was to have been played a week or so ago by Mrs. Lewis Waller and Company, at the aforesaid Vaudeville, will now, it is settled, make its first West-End appearance at the Comedy. According to latest advices which have reached the present writer from "the other side," there is likely to be what one might call a



COSTUME FIGURE FROM "BONNIE DUNDEE," AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE.
Drawn by Gordon Craig.

"Tess"-imistic quarrel concerning the above-named adaptation by Mr. H. A. Kennedy. Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske, proprietor of the *New York Dramatic Mirror*, and husband of Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, says he is going to fight in defence of the stage-version which he ordered long ago for that lady, who has been playing it all over the States and

has arranged to play it in London. It may here be mentioned that Mrs. Fiske's "Tess"-elated drama was copyrighted at our St. James's nearly three years ago.

"Florodora," at the Lyric Theatre, flourishes. Never, surely, was there an island so productive of bright scenes, lovely faces, and tuneful music. Besides, the island is in a state of jubilation, for Ada Reeve has returned to take up her former part of Lady Holyrood. Then there is a new arrival in the island, namely, Mr. Louis Bradfield, who personates Captain Donegal. It would be difficult to match Mr. Bradfield in respect of *verve* and "go," and he successfully portrays the young British officer of either Service. I give elsewhere the freshest photographs of Willie Edouin, Kate Cutler, Evie Greene, and Co., in "Florodora."

Many predicted failure on the first-night of "Don Juan's Last Wager," being wearied by its needless length, for Mr. Martin Harvey, like many more-experienced managers, committed the mistake of leaving the real task of revision till after the first-night. Fortunately, he has not been obstinate, and—whether acting on his own wisdom or the advice of the critics, I cannot tell—has set to work to condense and prune the picturesque work of Zorilla and the translator, so as to bring it within reasonable limits of length and give point and force to its chief scenes. The "first-nighter" would hardly recognise, save by the beauty of the scenery, the brisk, effective work which now replaces the



Soledad (Miss N. de Silva). Don Juan (Mr. Martin Harvey).

DON JUAN REALLY FALLS IN LOVE.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

piece which crept tediously on towards midnight. The acting has much improved; the fire and life—crushed out of Mr. Harvey's Don Juan by cares and anxiety of management—have asserted themselves, and render his acting worthy of his reputation; Miss de Silva has gained in force and dignity, whilst the always praiseworthy performances of Messrs. Blinn and Sleath and Miss Marriott, Miss G. Filippi, and Miss Louise Moodie show no falling off in quality.

Mr. Hare's good-bye to London playgoers on the last night of his recent engagement at Kennington was a very memorable function. The magnificent house was packed from floor to ceiling with an audience which fully appreciated Mr. Pinero's brilliant play, and which followed with breathless attention the remarkably fine acting of Miss Irene Vanbrugh and Mr. Hare in that most admirably constructed third act. During the evening the orchestra played a selection of Old English airs, which finished with a verse of "God Save the Queen," the conductor and the whole audience standing and joining with enthusiasm in the singing of the same. At the close of the play, and after the curtain had been dropped and raised some half-dozen times, Mr. Hare, who was called on for a speech, made a remarkably neat little oration, in which he complimented the author of "The Gay Lord Quex," paid a tribute to the endeavours of his excellent company, expressed his appreciation of the appreciation of the audience, and wished London playgoers farewell for a period of some two years—the only remark which gave occasion for

regret in a very remarkable and successful evening. There can be no doubt as to the position occupied by Mr. Robert Arthur's beautiful theatre when it is selected by one of our most popular actor-managers for his farewell performance of the most successful "play of manners" of recent years.

I am requested to state that "A Garden of Fair Women" will be among the attractions of the Earl's Court Exhibition. In the Empress Theatre, this array of "Fair Women" (including, I presume, brunettes) will fill some two dozen stages, and will give a faithful representation of the costumes and loveliness of the fair sex in various countries. As this year's Exhibition is devoted to woman and her works, men will not take part in the display itself, which, however, has been arranged by Mr. Imre Kiralfy, while the numerous costumes have been specially designed by the well-known artist, M. Comelli.

MISS CONNIE EDISS IN THE LEGITIMATE.

Miss Connie Ediss in Farce—A Mark Tapley in Petticoats—Laugh and Grow Plump—Loves a Fog but Never in One—An Untrained Comic Genius with High Ambitions and Strong Sense of Low-Comedy.

HEARING that Miss Connie Ediss, the lady low-comedian of the Gaiety, was to appear in Mr. Malyon-Hesford's farce, called "Willie's Missus," booked for Tuesday, at the Strand Theatre, a *Sketch* representative hastened to the Duke of York's Theatre to find out whether she meant to abandon the Gaiety. The sound of a quaint voice with strong accent saying, "What do you take me for?" guided him to the stage of the Duke of York's Theatre, where Miss Ediss was busy rehearsing her part. "I'm dreadfully nervous," she said, "and fear I may be a 'frost.' I've never acted before except at the Gaiety, and I've never been taught, and there's no singing or dancing to help me; but it's a lovely part, and I think the play is very amusing."

"But you're not nervous at the Gaiety, and do you mean to leave, and—?"

"Bless you, no! I am quite at home there, and there's no place like home. As for being nervous there—well, the idea! But, oh, it's different in farce!"

"So you're miserable at the idea of acting?"

"Not a bit! I'm never miserable—everything's too funny. Why, I'm always laughing and amusing myself—that's why I amuse people at the Gaiety. I'm so amused myself, and it's catching. There's fun in everything—yes, even in a fog; things do look comic in a fog!"

"This was a staggerer. I don't remember that even Mark Tapley bore up against a London particular."

"Yes, I've a lovely part. I'm a girl—quite a good girl—on the make. I go on the Great Wheel with an old gentleman; the machine stops, so I'm up the Big Wheel and he's up a tall tree. When we get down, I make it pretty hot for him, and he passes me off as a nephew's wife, and the ladies don't like me even when I offer to sing! However, I marry the butler in the end, after picking a lot of feathers off the bird to feather our nest with."

"And yet you're frightened?"

"Well, I've had no teaching as actress, or as singer either. Why don't I take lessons? I prefer to let well alone. How do I know, if I took singing-lessons, whether I shouldn't lose what I've got, and get something in return I don't want?"

"Then you are not ambitious?"

"You're wrong; I want to get to the top. Well, it may be hard to balance oneself at the top, but it must be nicer to look down and laugh than look up and giggle. No, I won't try Juliet or Lady Macbeth; I don't think my personality would suit"—this was said without gravity—"they aren't funny parts. You think I could make them funny? But what I do I want to do well, if I can."

"You've done very well up to now?"

"Oh yes; I can't complain. You see, my personality fits very well into my parts in the musical pieces, but how will it do on the stage in comedy? Work in the 'halls' and four years at the Gaiety don't fit you for such complicated affairs as Mr. Hesford's piece—he chose me, and made me take the part—and I feel quite afraid, and half—"

"Miserable?"

"Oh, nonsense! Why, even if I make a 'frost,' it will seem funny, though I should be sorry for him—and I should laugh at myself."

Mr. Malyon-Hesford's play, "Willie's Missus," tried at a Strand matinée, is an effort to treat a farcical subject in the style of comedy. The central figure is an English respectable *bonne à tout faire* who, by accident, spends a night on the Great Wheel, which refuses to move in its wonted course, with an old gentleman, named Mr. Arnold Mostyn, J.P., who, for the sake of his family, wishes to suppress the compromising accident. Eliza Ann Harris, the *bonne*, sees in this a chance of making money, and she takes it. Blended with this are the matrimonial ventures of Mostyn's two nephews, Willie and Clement, who get into such a tangle that the obliging Eliza has to pass for a while as the wife of one of them. After playing havoc in a happy household with her mercenary manœuvres, Eliza loses her heart to Adams, the butler, who weds her, and all ends happily. Mr. Hesford's ingenious and entertaining play secured a strong cast, including Miss Connie Ediss—whose views concerning it may be seen above—pretty Miss Rosie Boote, Miss Alice Barnett, and Messrs. G. Shelton, Oswald Yorke, Cairns James, and Laurence Caird.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

The "Joss" of the Cyclist—The Free-Wheel—Side-Slip—Decline of the C.T.C.—The "Gazette"—Two-Speed Gear.

Time to light up: Wednesday, March 21, 7.12; Thursday, 7.14; Friday, 7.16; Saturday, 7.17; Sunday, 7.18; Monday, 7.20; Tuesday, 7.22.

We cyclists are mostly pagans, I fancy. We worship an unknown deity who keeps the weather fine, the roads good, and leads our spinning wheel away from the edge of the broken bottle. Just now, the fruit-trees in my garden are breaking into blossom, the sun is shining, and, if I knew the name of the "Joss" of the cyclist, I would burn innumerable paper balloons in his honour, that the sun might long shine. We have had enough of lowering skies these last two months. The spirit of the nation is depressed chiefly because it hasn't had sufficient cycling.

I got a couple of odd days' riding in the country last week, the first two full days I have had this year, beginning at nine in the morning and winding up at six. The young lady who accompanies me in my jaunts is a "free-wheelist," and I am one of those horrible persons, an "anti-free-wheelist." I was told my grumpiness was due to old-fogeydom and a dislike to everything new. I wouldn't have spoilt her enthusiasm for anything. However, there is, apart from other things I have previously mentioned on this page, a disadvantage in riding a fixed gear when one's companion rides a free-wheel. A fixed-gear rider keeps his pace fairly steady; the free-wheeler advances by a series of spurts. There is not that level, even progress as when both riders have fixed gear. Another thing: the fixed-gear rider coasts much swifter than a free-wheelist. This, I think, is chiefly due to the throw of the pedals at every revolution, whereas the free-wheel has no throw, and therefore gets no further impetus. The one thing for which free-wheels are good, and this I have always ceded, is that there are no whirling pedals to catch the dress of ladies when "coasting." But still, why haggle over matters of detail? We are cyclists because we love the fresh air, and, if people get pleasure from free-wheeling, by all means let them free-wheel to their heart's content. It is the end, not the means, we have in view. Those two days were days of delight. It was good to escape the chatter about war-loans and Army Corps, and even the jubilation over fresh victories in South Africa, and get into the beautiful sunshine, to watch the trees ready to bud, and listen to the birds carolling. The true cyclist—not the hunchbacked, lolling-tongued, scorching idiot—loves Nature. Cycling is putting fresh blood into us as a nation.

One of the most difficult things in controversy is to prevent your opponent from misrepresenting your views. I have for long been an advocate of slightly deflated tyres as an advantage when riding on greasy roads. A couple of letters have reached me this week in which my correspondents seem to think that I recommend *slack* tyres for such roads. This, however, is quite an exaggeration of my argument, for, when a tyre is too slack, the rim is likely to float and cause a downfall. On the other hand, it is almost as bad to have the tyres pumped tight, which is advised by some people who have probably had no experience on greasy roads. A slightly deflated tyre, as I have frequently pointed out, and which fact is now being recognised by sensible people with experience, is by far the best when the highway is a little slippery.

An Inland Revenue Officer sends me a letter explaining how far he rides each week, and how he avoids side-slip. He says: "I ride one hundred miles a-week all through the year, wet, mud, and snow, and I have never had a side-slip. Half of this hundred miles is ridden in the dark, generally returning from an out-brewery to which I go in the course of my duties. I ride with my tyres slack, for this condition prevents side-slip, and prevents the tyre being cut by loose stones." The evidence of a man like this is far better than that of people who have no other chance of riding than on a fine Sunday morning.

The Cyclists' Touring Club, being the chief organisation of wheelers in this country, naturally receives a good deal of attention from everybody interested in the sport. The Club is doing a magnificent work for cyclists. A year or so ago, however, the endeavour was to make it a purely aristocratic Club. That aim failed. But worse than this failure was the fact that the attempt alienated some of the Club's best friends.

Coming in contact with titled folk really seemed to have made the paid officials lose their heads as to the courteous treatment of some untitled members. Of course, there are grumblers in every society who are ever worrying the officials and are never satisfied with what is being done for them. But, apart from these people—who naturally try the patience of even a C.T.C. official—other folk have a title to some consideration. Speaking personally, I have got nothing to say against the C.T.C.; but my post-bag indicates that other people are not quite so fortunate. Constantly letters reach me making complaints against the Club, and, while half of these are paltry, the other half have fairly good grounds for complaint. One of my correspondents from near Liverpool, for instance, writes that the large falling-off in the membership of the C.T.C. is due to the discourtesy of the officials. "I have," he says, "whilst a member of the C.T.C., worked hard to get new members, and with success. But, after the abominable treatment my wife and I received, we have not only withdrawn, but have also taken with us twenty others. Twelve I had put in, and you may understand my influence will be used in future not in the interests of the C.T.C."

One thing I hope the officials of the C.T.C. will strongly resist is the publication of the *Gazette* more than once a month. At the annual meeting recently, a proposition was carried in favour of its being issued more frequently. This would be the greatest of mistakes. A monthly magazine can be made really interesting to cyclists; but, issued at shorter intervals, there must be considerable repetition, and the material would be more or less padding. Why can't the Club issue the *Gazette* as a newspaper, and let the public purchase it for sixpence if they feel inclined, but let members have it free, as at present? By registering

it as a newspaper, hundreds of pounds would be saved every year in postage, and the humble sixpences of the public would be of some use. Something, however, should be done to enliven it. It is the dullest of periodicals, with no literary touch about it, but ponderous and severe, as though the contributors were all old men, with not a touch of youth about them. An experienced journalist acquainted with the production of magazines would produce a far better *Gazette* in three or four days' work than, unfortunately, the expensive staff produces in a month. An enormously disproportionate sum is being spent in salaries.

I am looking out for a really good two-speed gear for the approaching season. This is one of the improvements we must all be glad to see. Several of the big makers are turning their attention to the matter.

England is a small country, and in a day's ride we can ring the changes on hilly, undulating, and absolutely flat ground. A high gear is all right on the level, but it is muscle-wringing amongst the hills. Then, if one has a low gear suitable for hilly country, it is vexatious when in a flat district.

What most of us would like to see would be a readily changeable gear, so that the rider might make his machine suitable to the country in which he happens to be touring. I see a wheel is on the market of this kind worked by a little lever handle at the head of the machine, which, easily within reach, has simply to be clicked from one catch to another to effect the transformation. It is a good idea, and I wish it success.

Several requests have reached me asking the name of a pleasant cycling district for the Easter holidays. It is excellent to see that so many riders are now adopting the plan of touring from a centre rather than in a big circle. The chief advantage, of course, in riding from a centre is that you can thoroughly explore the district and return each evening to the hotel in one town, where you can have your baggage waiting and a change of clothing. This is not always to be had if you sleep at a different town each night. To those who want three or four days' really enjoyable riding this Easter, I would recommend them to try Dorset and the surrounding counties. At this time of the year, Dorset is really charming, and if you stay at Shaftesbury or Blandford, or if you go into the New Forest, or to Salisbury, in Wiltshire, you have a wonderfully picturesque country to inspect; you have good rides, and are as likely to find pleasure there as in any part of England. Last year I spent nearly a fortnight touring in this neighbourhood with a novelist friend, and, although I have been in many parts of the world, I don't remember any fortnight that I look back upon with more pleasure. To those, then, who cannot make up their minds, I say, Go into Thomas Hardy's country.

J. F. F.



MELBOURNE EXHIBITION BUILDINGS: VENUE OF THE GREAT ANA WHEEL RACE, 1900.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

About Lincoln.

The Flat-Racing Season will commence once more at dear old Lincoln next Monday, and, according to latest accounts, there will be a busy opening. The course is, I hear, in capital order, and owners need not hesitate to run their horses. The long races at Lincoln are run over a circular course, and there is a capital straight mile, so that a good view can be had of all the races. For the information of those who have never been to the meeting, I may state that the course is about a twenty-minutes' walk from the railway station, and many of the leading jockeys prefer the walk to riding up in the ramshackle conveyances that ply for hire. The charge per head for a ride varies from one to two shillings, according to which you choose, a grocer's-cart or a char-à-banc. The railway arrangements from town are perfect, and the country through which one travels to the Cathedral City is an interesting one. The town itself has altered but little during the last two hundred years, and it looks ancient, many of the old gates being still in existence. The Messrs. Ford, who manage the Lincoln Meeting, know their business thoroughly, and under their control the fixture has

three-year-olds in the race. I shall divide my vote between Sir Geoffrey and Royal Flush, and I think Strike-a-Light will get a place.

Brocklesby Stakes.

One of the chief two-year-old events of the spring is the Brocklesby Stakes, which, by-the-bye, seems to be farmed by Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, as during the last four years the race has gone into his stable by the aid of Hulecot, Amurath, Gay Lothair, and Jest. I think Mr. Leopold will take the spoils again this year by the aid of Flirtilla, a daughter of Lactantius and Gay Lass, and therefore a sister to Gay Lothair. The filly has, I am told, been highly tried. Danger may, however, spring from Mr. J. C. Dyer's colt by Ayrshire—Primrose. He is said to have been one of the best-tried two-year-olds at Newmarket. The colt is trained by R. Chaloner, who, by-the-bye, is putting on flesh fast, and he cannot weigh less than 14 st., yet, a few years back, he was a fashionable light-weight.

The Grand National.

I shall have another opportunity of touching on the Grand National before the race is run, and at present I really have no violent fancy for the Cross-Country Blue Riband. My old love, Manifesto, that I wanted to buy for a titled gentleman before the horse went into Mr. Bulteel's stable,



NATAL MOUNTED POLICE (FIELD FORCE): GENERAL BULLER'S BODYGUARD, SPECIALLY PRAISED FOR THEIR GOOD WORK.

gone on and prospered until it has become a good paying concern. I think, however, the time has arrived for some big improvements to be made on the Carholme. At present the stands are totally inadequate to the importance of the meeting, and they should be rebuilt on enlarged lines. Further, the Enclosure, which now serves for Tattersall's Ring and the Paddock all in one, should be separated; and, if I may be allowed to suggest another improvement, I would submit that the refreshment department should be modernised and run on the Sandown or Kempton Park lines. A good lunch at a moderate charge should be procurable on all courses.

The Lincoln Handicap.

It is very difficult to approach the first big handicap of the year with much confidence, for the simple reason that I have not yet seen many of the horses this year that will take part in the race. Berzak has been well backed by the followers of Huggins's stable, and, if the horse is in his best form, he must go close. Oban has yet to show why he was backed for the Cambridgeshire. He has been in strong work. Sir Geoffrey has proved that he can sprint, and now is his opportunity to demonstrate that he is a stayer. One thing is certain: if the followers of C. Archer's stable put their money down in earnest, they will consider they have a great chance of picking it up again. Strike-a-Light has, it is said, been specially saved for this race, and, in the able hands of Madden, a good rider over this course, she should run respectably. Damocles is fancied in the West Country, and Downham is very likely to beat all the

has outlived his popularity with some backers; but he is likely, all the same, to go very close, and I think he will get the country all right. I have heard flattering accounts of Ambush II., and I do hope the royal colours will be carried prominently in the race. When The Scot ran in the colours of the Prince of Wales, he cut up badly. This was on the day the late Duke of Albany died. I am not likely to forget The Scot, as I had, out of sheer patriotism, taken him in a double along with Tonans for the Lincoln Handicap, and the last-named had won his race handsomely. But The Scot was a commoner, and was not, on form, within 28 lb. of Ambush II., who is very likely to win this year.

Flying Fox.

As John Porter cannot see his way to any longer train Flying Fox for his engagements, the horse has been sent to the stud in France, and M. Blanc has decided to forego the chance of winning the Goodwood Cup, which now looks a good thing for Calveley, if the horse is not overworked. Flying Fox was very heavily insured, and I would here like to make a suggestion. It is this: the insurance companies should open offices at all race-meetings—they do at all the Horse Shows. Owners and trainers would then be enabled to get tickets for their horses, and I am certain the bit of enterprise suggested would result in big business being done. Of course, policies would be taken out several days before they were wanted. By the way, a curious error crept inadvertently into my page of the 7th inst. The man represented as holding the reins of Flying Fox was obviously not the esteemed trainer, Mr. Porter, but one of his zealous staff.

CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

IT is always a liberal education to cry a few days' halt in Paris when going to or coming from a destination more far-afield. Now, indeed, during the demi-saison of sartorial discontent a certain incompleteness mars the usual sweetness and light of Lutetian habiliments, but, to paraphrase the roughly spoken Caledonian, "A Paris gown's a Paris gown for a' that"; and, though uncertain winds play with



[Copyright.]

A VELVET AND LACE DINNER-DRESS.

unvarying variety around the weather-cock, nipping one day, soothing and summery the next, to be relieved by a penetrating north-easter in due rotation, yet the charm of Paris and the wiles of its *couturières* are equally potent to blandish the susceptible British female, be it at the ebb or flow, the beginning or end, the fag-end or the flood-tide of any season on the calendar. I question if any music ever written or performed has powers to soothe the savage breast (if its gender be feminine) comparably with the supreme satisfaction afforded by a Paris gown.

Not even age can wither its fascination, seeing that it is safe to be six months in advance of our adopted and exploited modes over here, so whenever I cross—not the river, as Longfellow has it, but the unquiet and heaving Channel—a chiefest method of obliterating its dolorous memories is the prospect of a stop, to be followed by a frock, in Paris. Without this bribe to my disturbed system, not the most powerful considerations, political or pecuniary, would suffice to confront the outrageous combination of winds, waves, and steamer-swells which for two hours or thereabouts make existence a doubly distilled anguish and delusion. Last week it cannot be said that the Rue de la Paix disclosed for examples any striking modes or departures of unwonted novelty, but, nevertheless, engaging devices added to or altering slightly present fashions left that cachet on each costume and that general impression of *chic* which only, I say advisedly, a French gown ever encompasses.

Meanwhile, a morning-dress in soft pastel rose-pink cloth was too captivating to resist, furnished as it was with a charming oxidised-silver

braid, which not only bordered the daintily pleated skirt, but edged a double bolero that opened over a delicately tucked chemisette of ivory mousseline-de-soie, and was adorned with cameo buttons, which the silver-tongued *vendeuse* assured me had once formed the links of an antique bracelet. Whether this assertion represented a fact *pur et simple* or embellished, I am still in happy ignorance; but the effect, withal, is so undoubtedly good that the suggestion is one which those in the possession of old cameo bracelets and necklaces might advantageously lay to heart in the present vigorous renaissance of costly and curious button wearing. Black cloth gowns have already become a securely established fashion even with those to whom the unhappy exigencies of war have not made mourning a necessity.

One dress of this order, on which a little relief of pale colour was introduced with excellent effect, was worn as a going-away gown last week at a smart though quiet wedding in town. Trimming the lower part of the skirt were handsome pointed applications of white cloth laid on with wavy edges; on the white cloth other incrustations of khaki-coloured cloth were again overlaid in a similar design; this treatment was carried out on the bodice, and a delightfully dainty and delicately embroidered square muslin collar gave both finish and becomingness to the dress. A crinoline straw of khaki-colour, with choux of black and white tulle and black plumes, was lifted off the hair at one side by a *cache-peigne* of black satin narcissus with diamond centres. For a fair bride, this going-away gown and chapeau made a very becoming combination. Crinoline-hats, indeed, promise to be the crux of the millinery situation this spring. Some seen in Paris, rather in the Gainsborough shape, were charmingly trimmed with looped tulle of one, two, or even three shades, and accompanying each loop was one of straw



[Copyright.]

A SMART LITTLE COAT AND A NEW SKIRT.

Coming back to town at this dull juncture of winds, weather, and war-time is not a process of much mental enlivenment—all the more when it is the vivid environment of the Riviera that one has left behind. To assist the process of such unpleasant mental deglutition, one plunges

with a certain ardour into the few isolated alleviations which the doubly accursed weather-fiend who forecasts these islands' atmospheric moods leaves open to their unfortunate inhabitants. One of the resources of London Town at the present juncture is a little dinner, say, at the Carlton, with a lounge in the Winter Garden afterwards, when March's



[Copyright.]

A NEW WALKING-COSTUME FOR EARLY SPRING.

icy blast deters one from peregrinating even to the most available and adjacent theatre. To the Carlton, with an odd kindred soul or two (this soul must not be spelt with an indefinite "s"), I accordingly went on my return to the windy though not breezy woes of the Metropolis, and was sufficiently amused with the company, not to mention the women's gowns, for quite two post-prandial hours by the clock.

Sir Thomas Lipton, every inch a knight, entertained at one table. Prince and Princess Duleep Singh supplied local colour at another. Sir Douglas Straight, one of the frequent patrons of this establishment, discussed some carefully prepared dishes in a retired corner; and here I may bestow a word of praise, in passing, on the willing services the courtly editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* renders to brothers and sisters of the Press through the Institute of Journalists. Prince D'Arenberg was discussing the one burning subject—our War—with the Graf von Trautmansdorff; and Lord De Grey, newly back from Monte Carlo, was explaining to a friend the simple system with which he raked in "plaques" from a devouring Administration. Altogether, the Carlton is a place where, as someone said of Bignon's in the old days, one can dine with comfort and digest with composure; only to the latter blissful state is also added the gentle irritant of admiring one's interesting fellow-creatures.

Some exceedingly well-considered gowns marked the occasions in question. One very pale eau-de-Nil satin, under an over-dress of lovely white Chantilly and bordered chiffon flounces edged with white ostrich trimming, perhaps took the palm. The over-skirt, whether simulated or real, seems, in fact, to have become quite a tamed and domesticated fashion, not waxing and waning, like so many other short-lived effects of millinery imagination.

Most of the new dresses are made in the manner, and the narrow but not too sylph skirt, with its freely flowing border of flounces, shows no sign of being ousted from our capricious affections. Men suffer and

groan audibly at the continuance of trained skirts, which seem to offer such temptations to their unwary feet; but that notwithstanding, they will nonetheless continue in favour, seeing that it is impossible not to recognise the grace and becomingness of trailing draperies, whether for indoor or outdoor, although in the latter place one is certainly constrained to sigh wistfully in the direction of passing victorias, since the mere fact of holding up one's dress cannot be said to dispense comfort or convenience.

There seems to be little doubt that Mr. Imre Kiralfy in his capacity as Director of the Woman's Exhibition will score another success. Preparations on a very elaborate system are going forward, and the strongest possible Committee of influential women—a dozen Duchesses amongst them—has been secured to forward an undertaking so particularly of interest to the sex. The Loan Section, which includes galleries of bygone fair women, with historic costumes and relics variously, would alone make a centre of attraction in any *galère*. But following it in importance are the Fine Art Section, the Women's Applied Arts and Crafts, the Nursing and Philanthropic, the House Decoration and Furnishing, which, designed and arranged by women from different parts of the world, will especially appeal to our modern cravings after the House Beautiful. Dress and Fashion will not be absent either. The Nursery will be exploited to all possible purpose, while last, but, as our masculine belongings will with one accord agree, by no means least, working exhibits of Cooking will figure strongly.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

FAR AFIELD (Chatham).—You will, without doubt, require a rather varied collection of clothes for such an important series of visits. Above all, do not arrive in a travel-stained condition at your future mother-in-law's house. To appear well-dressed and up-to-date, even when actually travelling, should be everybody's ambition, but how much more so in your case! A good evening-gown and smart cloak for functions at Government House, a pretty ball-gown, a dinner-dress for home use, one good tailor-made, two well-made afternoon-costumes, and do not forget a smartly trimmed dust-cloak for race-meetings and such outdoor occasions—you will find it indispensable. This list may be a guide. It is as limited as you can do with, and might be expanded a little, if you can afford it, with advantage.

SYBIL.

That deeply interesting if somewhat disturbing book, "The Insanity of Genius," by the late J. F. Nisbet—so long the "Handbooker" of the *Referee*—has just been issued in a new six-shilling form by Mr. Grant Richards. The demand for this book is already extensive.

Mr. Rudolph Aronson, the well-known American manager, has returned to London from a visit to Vienna, where he has engaged Eduard Strauss, the Court-Ball music director, and his famous orchestra of fifty to visit New York in October next. Herr Strauss has added to his repertoire the "Pickaninny Serenade," "The Sister Mary Valse," and "Prince and Princess Gavotte," composed by Mr. Aronson, who is an accomplished musician. In 1894, this gentleman conveyed to Vienna a magnificent gold and silver laurel-wreath, in the name of the Musicians of America, as a present to the late Johann Strauss, who was known as the "Waltz King."

We cannot be too generous to the brave fellows who are fighting our battles in South Africa, and we do not want our gifts hampered by red tape. An incident which occurred last week at Brigg, in Lincolnshire, ought to be widely known, for it sets an example worthy of being followed throughout the length and breadth of the United Kingdom. A Reservist of the 2nd Manchester Regiment—by name, H. Birman—was ordered to join, and his departure was made the occasion of a great local demonstration, the soldier being escorted to the station by the Wrawby Brass Band and a great crowd of friends and admirers. But the great-hearted part of the send-off was this: Birman's employers, the Farmers' Company, decided that during his absence at "the front" he should continue to draw his wages of twenty-nine shillings a-week, and his fellow-workmen agreed to insure him in case of death or disablement, so that his wife and family should not suffer. Employers and employés are cordially to be congratulated on their liberality and patriotism.

THE WEDNESBURY CASKET.

This beautiful ebony casket, enclosed in a casing of silver, richly pierced, with carved and chased mouldings, is the work of Messrs. Elkington



and Co., of Birmingham, and has been presented to Alderman Richard Williams, J.P., the first Mayor of Wednesbury, in recognition of his unflinching generosity and of valuable public services rendered to the town for a period of forty-five years. A good example to other boroughs!

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on March 27.

THE SITUATION.

NEARLY all markets are suffering from a bad attack of the blues. There seems to be an indefinite dread that some sort of European complication is going to spring out of the South African War; nobody knows anything certain, but each man asks his neighbour why Lord Rosebery made his famous speech (which for an ex-Foreign Minister was certainly an amazing performance), or why members of the House of Commons whisper to each other that, unless we can make an end of the Boers before October, France is sure to bring about a crisis, for then she may be able "to indulge her enthusiasms," which she cannot quite afford at this moment. Just like a lot of children in the dark, people are frightened of "that which they know not"; in addition to which, as the end approaches, the damage to the mines is becoming a more exciting feature. Over and over again in these columns we have warned our readers that to buy Kaffirs to hold was, in our opinion, to risk a good bit more than the game was worth, for reasons which we have several times given in detail, and it seems that the public are coming round to our way of thinking. There is no need to take much notice of Mr. Montagu White's vapourings across the Atlantic, but they have not increased investors' confidence.

Everywhere promoters are beginning to show their noses, and, if only underwriting were not next-door to impossible, we should soon have the papers filled with new prospectuses. As it is, the poor promoter is very much in a difficulty, for he cannot just yet get his babies underwritten except by the most impecunious of the cult, who never pay up when they are hit; and, if he does not hurry up, the new Company Law will be upon him, perhaps destroying his honest (?) trade altogether — who knows? Some things, however, are to be launched in a few days, and we hear the long-talked-of issue of Messrs. Pooley (of weighing-machine fame), the South Durham Steel and Iron Company, and a company for dealing with the by-products of breweries, called "Sterax," have been already arranged for. Wonderful accounts reach us of a new Egyptian Mining venture, which will hold various concessions from the Government, and upon which Mr. Alford (now in Egypt) is to report. It is said that gold, copper, and precious stones have been found in the Land of the Pharaohs.

The report of D. H. Evans, Limited, just issued, is comforting to Drapery shareholders, the net profits amounting to £43,795, against £22,856 only two years ago. The dividend is brought up to 15 per cent. for the year, but we confess we should like to see a larger reserve fund than £10,000, which is quite out of proportion to the company's capital.

While the public steadily keeps aloof from the Stock Exchange, and House-men are having a lean time, our tame Jobber has dreamed a dream of which he sends us the pictorial representation, drawn, as he says, "immediately on awakening." We have little doubt that one fine morning our slumbers will be disturbed by the newsboy's strident voice calling, "Capture of Pretoria"; but whether there will be an excited crowd of buyers bidding fifty for Rand Mines, and corresponding prices for everything else, we very much doubt. Still, it pleases our tame Jobber to dream it, and, if truth must be told, we fancy he keeps his creditors quiet in the hope of it.

CONSOLS OR KHAKIS?

This is the question which a good many people are asking themselves and their brokers just now. Holders of Consols, who never thought to be moved from their solid faith in Goschens, are perturbed by the unexpected prospect of doing better by selling this stock and reinvesting in Hicks-Beaches. Trustees and executors, anxious to do their best with the money left in their charge, are asking whether the exchange would not be advisable; and lo! the prophets are either speechless or at variance. While we do not presume to number ourselves among the prophets, yet we would venture to point out one or two considerations that may be helpful in solving the knotty point.

In the first place, the National War Loan runs for only ten years, being repayable, as everyone knows, at par in 1910. During this decade, however, the interest will be maintained at the rate of $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., with a full three months' charge to come on July 5 next. Besides this, a rebate at the rate of 2 per cent. per annum is allowed for payments in full, so that, altogether, the scrip will pay fully 3 per cent. for the first year. Consols will have their interest reduced to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in 1903, and are repayable twenty years afterwards at par. For another ten years, then, the holder of Khakis at the issue price of 98 $\frac{1}{2}$, or even at the market price of 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ premium, is certain of $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. more on his money during seven of those years, and we shall certainly be surprised if the price does not closely approximate to that of Consols as soon as the first upset caused by the allotment to innumerable stags is over, and Goschens will probably go to 105 before the end of the year. Each twelvemonth added to the age of either stock brings the price down a little, of course, and Khakis in 1910 will be worth only 100, but, as a speculative investment of the most gilt-edged type, we think they are decidedly preferable to Consols.

THE SCOTCH RAILWAY HALF-YEAR.

The reports of the principal Scotch Railways have now appeared, and we can summarise the results attained by the companies. To put the matter into one word, it is—bad. Disappointing would be too mild a term, and bad is the only adjective which adequately describes the last half-year's working of the Scotch lines. Of the four companies, each has declared a lower dividend than it did in the corresponding six months of 1898. The North British is paying $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. less on its Ordinary stock;

Caledonian Deferred and Ayrshire Deferred both get $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. less; and against the 1 per cent. declared by the Great North of Scotland for the last half of 1898 nothing whatever goes to the stockholders now. Yet the companies, to judge by the traffics, were doing well. The North British had a gross increase of £61,195, of which about £30,000 was made out of the passenger traffic, and the Caledonian earned some £5000 more than the North British over and above the results for the last half-year of 1898, the passengers again contributing about £30,000 to the extra receipts. But

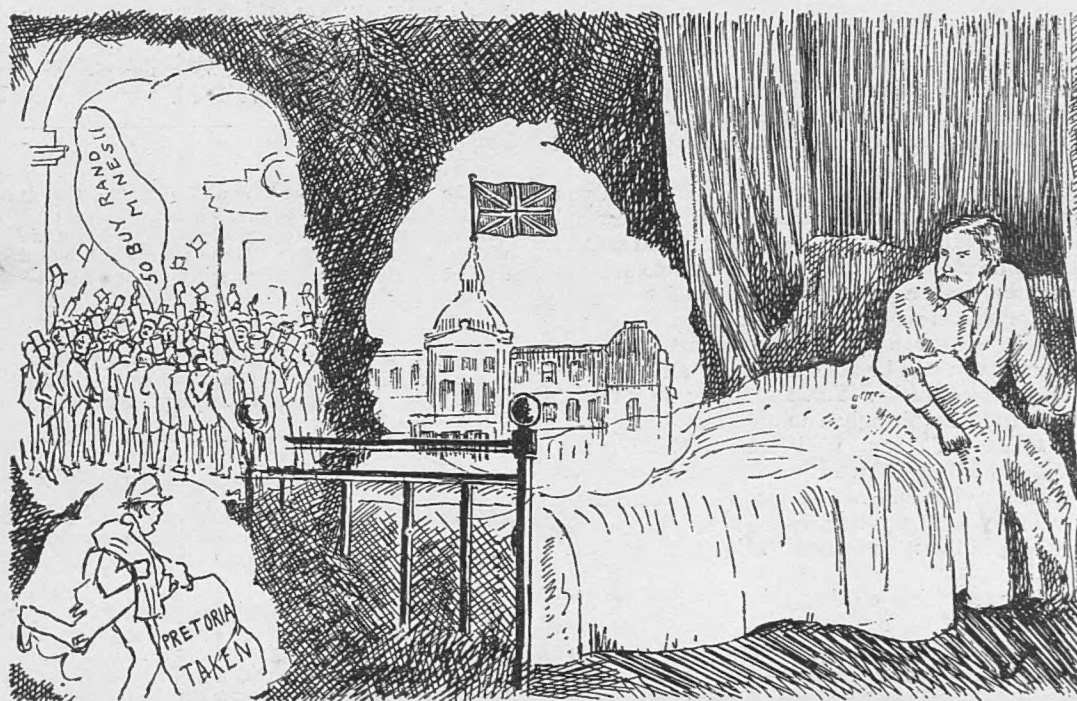
the North British Company's expenses rose well over those of the Caledonian, and, without providing for the £28,218 in the bad debts suspense account, the directors could declare only an insignificant dividend at the rate of 1 per cent. on the Ordinary. Locomotive power and coal have been the chief causes of the rise in expenses which has swallowed up the additional receipts. How great the advance of expenditure has been is best seen from a concise table—

	Receipts.		Expenditure.		Net Revenue.	
	1900.	1899.	1900.	1899.	1900.	1899.
Caledonian ...	£2,066,659	£2,000,864	£1,095,862	£1,029,549	£970,796	£971,315
Glasgow and S.-Western	826,694	798,881	479,497	446,840	347,197	352,041
North British ...	2,073,879	2,012,684	1,051,011	978,448	1,022,868	1,034,236

In considering the future of the Scotch lines, it must be borne in mind that the companies are now charging higher rates for minerals, and that this increase did not come into force until New Year's Day, so that its benefit would be hardly apparent in the accounts which now lie before us. Against this, however, has to be set the rise in coal, and the increased cost of working necessitated by the employment of many men lacking the experience of their predecessors now called to "the front." The new North British Board seems almost, if not quite, as incapable as the old, and the Caledonian management sets it a shining example in the way of sound book-keeping and enterprising catering for traffic.

GRAND TRUNKS AND CANADIAN-PACIFICS.

Although the excitement recently displayed in the Grand Trunk Railway Market over the dividend announcement is gradually cooling down, a large number of Stock Exchange members are to be constantly heard declaring that the rise in the Preferences is yet far from over. Trunk Firsts, say these optimists, will go to par, and Seconds to 80, while Thirds and Ordinary are equally good gambles on the bull tack. The First Preference still carries a 4 per cent. dividend, and the Second is not yet ex the $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. whose declaration created such a furore a



THE JOBBER'S DREAM.

few weeks back. Consequently, at 93, the First Preference stock is virtually obtainable at 89 ex-dividend, while the Second Preference at 67½ is actually valued at 64½, reckoning the dividend off. At these lower prices, the stocks certainly look attractive, and would undoubtedly be quoted considerably better were there any business doing in the markets. The War Loan and the vague uncertainty existing with regard to what the Boers may do to the mines are keeping the investing public away from the Stock Exchange. The Trunk Market, however, should be well to the front when business develops something like activity once more, and we quite expect both the First and Second Preferences to recover their dividends as soon as the latter are deducted. One of the superior advantages of Trunks to gamble in is the interest taken in the stocks by provincial exchanges; but, although this fact allows of a free market, it has its drawbacks when "the country" builds up an unwieldy bull account, as it is only too fond of doing.

Canadian Pacifics seem unable to get away from par for any length of time. In the Yankee Market, Canadas are generally regarded as one of the safest horses to lock up, with a reasonable certainty that a good return can always be looked for, and an advance in capital value if held for a year or two. As a speculation, the shares are frequently disappointing, in consequence of Montreal or German operators acting quite otherwise to what might be expected. For instance, a good monthly statement is followed by an immediate stream of sales from Canada, or a bad traffic seems to stimulate the buying energies of Berlin. Canadas make a better investment than speculation.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS.

"I did it," soliloquised The Jobber audibly.

"Did what?" asked a voice from the corner of the compartment.

"Killed the Editor of *The Sketch*," complacently returned The Jobber.

The Banker's face came suddenly into view, bearing an expression of awful horror.

"Well," went on The Jobber, "I warned him that I would, you know, if he printed any more of our conversations in the train. How did I do it? Wrote a poem of eight thousand lines on the War and sent it to him, so I know he must be dead. Now we shall be able to talk in peace. At last!" he wound up with a dramatic flourish of the hand which neatly knocked The Broker's cigar through the half-open window.

"Never mind, Brokie," he said consolingly; "buy yourself some Western of Havana shares, and you will be able to smoke all your life for nothing out of the profits you will make. Yes, I mean it; no jokes!"

"Western of Havana shares?" inquiringly The Merchant observed.

"It is a Railway in Cuba, sir," responded The Jobber; "the £10 shares stand about 14½, and I bought myself some on the advice of a man who knows the line from end to end, and he says the shares will go to 20. That is a rise of 5½, and, allowing for his exaggeration, I quite expect to sell mine at 17½ in the near future. It's a better 'spec.' than Khaki, anyway."

"I do not quite follow your reasoning on that point." The Banker spoke deliberately and with an air of weighty authority. "Mr. Bowen, the Chief Cashier of the Bank of England, told me in strict confidence the other day, before even the Loan was issued, that he—"

Every man in the carriage was leaning forward with intense interest.

"That he thought such a Loan would be popular"—the carriage sat back with unutterable disgust—"and I must say (of course, in my private capacity) that many people whom I know have subscribed to it."

The Broker was struggling to stifle a remark from The Jobber, and The Engineer joined in the conversation—

"I think everyone went mad over Khakis," he laughed. "I know I applied for some, and so did all my friends. But I am not so sure that we shall make much of a profit by selling for cash."

"The best way to speculate in Khaki," The Broker ruled, "is to buy the scrip for money, get your bank to take it up, if you can't afford to do so yourself, and wait. In two or three months' time you will get 3 premium for it. Mark my words."

"I shan't sell under 4," said The Engineer; "specially if I have to get my bank to pay for any of the scrip. They will charge me 4½ per cent. at least, and that runs away with your profit. I'm afraid we stags won't have very much to crow about—"

"Khaki-doodle-doo!" exclaimed The Jobber. "Saw it in *Punch*," he added, anticipating the blow which he saw was being prepared for him by The Broker.

The latter relapsed into a smile, and said, "Do you know young Davies, who has just left for 'the front'?"

"What Davies? Son of F. H.? Oh, he's gone, has he? Good luck to him! He's a very decent young fellow, and will uphold the honour of the House out there. There will be gay days when he and the others come back. How long's this war going to last?"

"Another ten weeks," promptly answered The Merchant, as if he knew. "I wish I hadn't bought any Kaffirs just before Ladysmith; shouldn't mind going in for a few now, as a spec., to clear out in three months' time. I should go for the Land shares, though—not gold-mines."

"Chartered?"

"H'm! That is doubtful. They say that Rhodes is coming to England, and we all know what that means."

"Yessir, please, sir, I know, sir!" cried The Jobber, holding up his hand. "Immense meeting Cannon Street—immense enthusiasm—immense new issue of shares, and intense disappointment to all the bulls."

There was a general laugh of confirmation, and The Merchant went on—

"Some of the deeper Deeps are more tempting than any of the

outcrop mines. The Boers cannot do them the same amount of damage as they could to the Robinson or the Meyer and Charlton. The water is probably coming in, but it is only a question of time before its effects are wiped up. You brokers discourage us from putting our money into Deep-Levels—"

"Go on!" said The Broker reproachfully.

"So you do," The Merchant continued. "You say there is no market in the shares, and that you have to deal at very wide prices; but, for all that, I stick to my theory, and say that the second row of Deeps are more worth putting away than Van Ryn or May Consolidated, or any other outcrop."

"Well, if you are going to put stock away," commented The Broker, "I don't see why you should not have something upon which you can get a return on your money. Anyway, Kaffirs won't be good till peace is signed—and even then there'll be no boom unless the public come in—and, in the meantime, why not look out a speculative investment that is likely to improve and that will yield you a fair rate of interest while you are waiting for the lower prices which we are likely to have?"

"For example?" asked The Merchant.

"The Argentine Railway Market would make a very fair hunting-ground. It is out of favour for the time being on account of the plague, but the authorities tell me that that is being stamped out rapidly, and I don't think you can go far wrong in Bags or Central Argentines."

"What are Bags?" innocently said The Jobber.

"Buenos Ayres Great Southern, of course, you Juggins!" was the polite reply. "Next thing you will want to know is the position of Buenos Ayres, I suppose."

"Rio-ly!" was The Jobber's parting word as he made a hasty exit.

Saturday, March 17, 1900.

ISSUE.

The Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Limited, will receive applications for an issue of 27,500 new shares of £5 each—of which £1 per share only is proposed to be called up—at a premium of £3 10s. per share. The shares will rank for dividend and bonus for the whole of the year 1900. The prospectus states that the business in recent years has largely increased, the passing of the Workmen's Compensation Act resulting in a very great accession of business. The premium income, which in 1896 amounted to £245,258, had increased in 1899, the twentieth-eighth year of the company's existence, to £718,745. Under these circumstances, the directors consider the time has arrived for a further issue of the authorised capital, to improve the financial position of the Corporation, and enable it better to command its proper share of new business.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

A. J. W.—We must apologise for omitting to answer your post-card last week, but it got overlooked. The mine has a small area of only eighteen acres and a-half, and a capital of £144,000 in shares of 10s. each. It originally worked the St. George Reef, but nearly all its dividends have been paid out of the Brilliant Reef, which is found at greater depth. Its record is very good; the Board consists of the best men in Charters Towers; but we fancy the cream of the ground must have been worked out. Only an expert with the reports and plans before him could give an opinion on its remaining life.

Z.—Nobody seems to know anything about the Corporation. Do not touch its shares.

BORDERER.—As to British Broken Hills, see our correspondent's letter from the spot in our issue of the 7th inst. We prefer the Chillagoe Company of the three you name, although it must be some time before the line is finished and returns coming in.

L. D.—Industrial Trust Unified Stock or United States Brewery Company 6 per cent. Debentures would give you the interest you want, and you could sleep on them with a quiet mind. As a speculation to be locked up till the war is over and things have settled down, the Oceanas might be a fair risk.

W. J. M.—If you have a good profit on your Norfolk Common shares (as you should have), you had better take it, but they may very possibly go higher.

ABER.—"Hold the African but sell the Westralian shares," was the advice of our tame Jobber; but you must not forget, in the latter case, that the property is so situated that something good might be struck at any time. In our opinion, reconstruction is more probable.

IRON.—We think the Barrow Hæmatite Company have practically given up their confiscation proposals. The issue of the balance-sheet, showing a profit of £117,000, takes away, we think, the last chance of their being able to carry it. Continue to support the Committee.

GLASGOW.—(1) The Bulawayo Company is among the best of the Rhodesians, and its shares will improve in value if there is a revival of interest in Rhodesia after the war. We do not personally believe in Charterland, but this is merely an opinion. (2) Bayleys is a fair speculation at present price, but very much a gamble.

A WONDERFUL HORSE.

A good deal of noise has been made over the enormous price paid for Flying Fox; but if the account of the sale given in a morning paper was correct, the horse was certainly cheap at the price, and M. Blanc should be able to get back his money over and over again very soon, if he is able to persuade the horse to continue his performance. Thus runs the account: "Seven was the lucky number of the only lot on which any reserve was placed, and when Flying Fox, looking pale and anxious, on his back, was introduced, a buzz of excitement went round the company." (No wonder!) "Once the gallant animal reared up, whereupon a wag, with a sense of ready humour, invited the auctioneer to 'knock him down.' The pent-up interest was obvious." The sale was evidently a record in more senses than one.